

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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AN ERRAND BOY'S FORTUNE

—OR—

THE OFFICE OF WALL STREET SECRETS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

THE TIP THAT CAME OUT OF ROOM 310.

"How do you like your new job, Ed?" asked Dick Hudson, a Wall Street messenger.

"Fine," replied Ed Arlington, enthusiastically. "It's a cinch."

"A cinch! In what way?"

"In several ways."

"It's a regular brokerage house, isn't it?"

"No. Mr. Denton only does business for a select bunch of operators. He doesn't cater to the general public."

"Then you have an easy time of it?"

"Yes, compared with what I had to do in my old job."

"What's your hours—shorter than the average?"

"I get to the office at noon, have an hour for lunch, and quit for the day at one," grinned Ed.

"You mean that is what you'd like to do. How long do you work?"

"Half-past nine to half-past three, but I'm expected to work if my services are required."

"What's your pay?"

"Good."

"How did you get hold of the position?"

"Through an advertisement in one of the big dailies."

"I suppose there was a bunch of applicants after the job. You were lucky to land it."

"I don't know how many applicants the boss had, but I guess he had a hundred or more. All replies had to be sent care of the newspaper."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune. Where is your office?"

"Third floor of the Atlas Building, rooms 308 to 311, front. Ralph Denton is painted on the door of 308, nothing else."

"Have a large office force?"

"No. Just one bookkeeper and a stenographer."

"And you run the errands?"

"Yes, and I do some clerical work besides. I have a desk all to myself."

"Then you're more important than a mere messenger?"

"Somewhat."

"Are you allowed to see a friend during business hours?"

"I suppose so. Going to call on me?"

"I should like to take a look at your office."

"Call after three, then."

"After half-past three, more likely. Well, so long. I must get on my way."

Dick continued on down Broad street, while Ed returned to his office.

It was one of those "soft" winter days that succeed a cold snap.

There was no sun, and the air was thick with an uncomfortable mist.

Things felt damp and sticky, and conditions seemed likely to continue through the day and up into the night.

Mr. Denton's private office was Room 311.

He came and went without passing through the other rooms.

Ed's desk was in Room 309, and he was the only occupant of it.

Room 310 was a kind of private reception-room, furnished with a long table and a dozen chairs, while Room 308 was where the bookkeeper and the stenographer held forth.

Ed entered and left through Room 308.

There was a small electric bell alongside Ed's desk, the wire connecting with Mr. Denton's desk.

If the boss wanted Ed, he rang once; if the stenographer, twice, or the bookkeeper, three times.

There were other signals which Ed understood and acted on, but it is unnecessary to explain them.

The door was always open between Rooms 308 and 309, so that the stenographer and the bookkeeper could hear their own calls.

Ed hung up his hat and took his seat at his desk.

The unfinished work he had been engaged on when called upon to go out lay just as he left it, and he proceeded with it.

Whether Mr. Denton was in or out he did not know; in fact, it did not concern him.

Fifteen minutes passed, then a visitor entered Room 308.

He wanted to see Mr. Denton.

The bookkeeper pushed a buzzer, and Ed came out.

The boy walked up to the caller, who was a tall, dark-featured man, with sharp, black eyes.

"I wish to see Mr. Denton," he said.

"Write your name and business on that card," said Ed, presenting a printed one with blank lines, "and I will see if he is in."

The stranger wrote—"R. Jackson, business special and important."

Ed invited him to take a seat in his room, and then he opened the door of Room 310, crossed over and knocked on No. 311.

He was told to come in, and he found Mr. Denton at his desk.

Without a word Ed handed him the card.

The gentleman glanced at it and said:

"Show him in."

Accordingly, Ed piloted Mr. Jackson into the boss' sanctum. How long the visitor remained with Mr. Denton Ed had no

idea, for when his business was concluded he took his leave by the corridor door of No. 311.

The afternoon passed away, and three o'clock came.

Then a tap on Ed's desk bell summoned him to the presence of his employer.

Mr. Denton handed him a dozen envelopes.

"Deliver these in person to the gentlemen they are directed to," he said. "You need not come back unless you are handed a note to give me."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, who returned to his room, closed up his desk, put on his hat and coat and left the office.

It took him an hour to deliver eleven of the notes.

The twelfth gentleman was not in his office, nor had he been there since he went to lunch.

Ed sat down to wait for him.

Twenty minutes elapsed and the boy began to wonder if the gentleman was going to return to his office that day.

Then he turned up in company with two gentlemen.

Ed handed him the note.

The gentleman looked at his watch, considered a moment, then wrote something on a pad, enclosed it in an envelope and told the boy to take it back.

So Ed started back for his office.

The fog was denser than ever, and he was obliged to go slow to avoid running into people.

It was ten minutes of five when he reached Room 308 and found it locked.

He carried a key and had no trouble in letting himself in.

The stenographer and the bookkeeper were gone.

Ed entered his own room and crossed to the door of 310.

It stood slightly ajar, and he heard several voices speaking inside.

He hesitated to enter, and while he stood there he learned a thing or two.

The gentlemen within appeared to be members of a syndicate, and were arranging to corner and boom J. & D. stock.

Ed only heard a few of the particulars, but his Wall Street experience, acquired in a broker's office where he had worked for three years before the failure of the house, threw him out of work, enabled him to understand clearly what was going on in the room.

The information he picked up inside of five minutes was decidedly valuable.

It was of importance to him individually, for he saw he could use it to his personal advantage, for he never let anything get by him if he could help it.

He had speculated off and on in the market during more than a year, and as luck had attended most of his ventures, he had acquired something over \$1,000, which he was looking for a chance to increase.

Here was a chance that looked like a dead sure thing.

The syndicate was backed by a raft of money, and one of the members said that he saw no reason why the price couldn't be forced up all of twenty points.

At this point Ed recollected that he had a note to hand his boss.

It was his duty to do it, so he rapped sharply on the door.

All conversation inside instantly ceased.

A gentleman who was a stranger to Ed pushed the door open.

"What are you doing here?" the man demanded, sharply.

"Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Denton's clerk and messenger," answered Ed. "I have brought a note back to him."

"Stay there and I will tell him."

Ed retired to one of the windows, and presently his employer made his appearance.

"I did not expect you back," said Denton, "but since you have brought a note, I will take it."

Ed handed it to him.

Denton read it, and then told him he could go.

As soon as Ed passed out into the corridor, Denton put on the dead latch, which made it impossible for the door to be opened from the outside.

"I should have done that before," he muttered, "but I guess it's all right. It isn't likely the boy has heard anything."

Then while Ed was going down the elevator he returned to Room 310 and read the contents of the note to those assembled.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FOG THAT NIGHT.

There is nothing like getting hold of a good live tip," said Ed to himself as he left the elevator and started for the entrance of the building. "I had an idea that Room 310 was a

meeting place for the boss' customers, for it is fitted up like a board-room. I guess a syndicate meets there when anything is in the wind. Those notes I carried around this afternoon must have been to the gentlemen who were in the room when I got back. They are a pretty swell lot of men. I wouldn't be surprised if they were all millionaires. It was fortunate that I was sent back with the note, for I ought to make a good thing out of the pointer I got hold of. I can buy 100 shares of J. & D. all right, and if the price goes up 20 points I'd make \$2,000. That would be a very nice little haul. I'd be satisfied if I made half of it."

Ed lived in the Bronx with his married sister, whose husband was a carpenter, and he was two hours later than usual in getting home that evening.

"You are late to-night, Ed," said his sister. "Was it on account of the fog?"

"No. The boss of the office had extra work for me to do, and that detained me downtown. The fog had nothing to do with it, although it was as thick as pea soup when I started home. I admit the elevated had to run slower than usual on that account, and possibly that did make some difference, but not a whole lot."

Supper was already on the table, and Ed sat down to it.

"How are things in Wall Street?" asked his brother-in-law, whose name was Richard Brown.

"Same as usual," replied Ed. "It's a fine place to make money if you know how to work the ropes."

"I've always heard it was the worst place in the world for a man to risk his money. A friend of mine lost all his savings a few months ago on some stock that was going up. Just when he expected to double his investment the price of the stock took a sudden tumble, and he lost everything," said the carpenter.

"He held on too long," said Ed.

"The broker he bought of told him he was safe to hold on."

"Who was the broker?"

"I don't recall the name of the firm, but it has an agency up here in the Bronx."

"Your friend did business through the agency, eh?"

"Yes. The uptown manager represented the Wall Street firm, and the downtown house was responsible for whatever was done by the agency."

"Of course."

"Well, you see how risky it is to go into Wall Street stocks. I'd just as soon shove my money down the nearest sewer hole."

"I won't deny that it's awfully risky for outsiders to get in on the game. It is the lambs who are always getting left. No matter how certain you think you are about what is going to happen, the chances are always against you. I have made money during the last year and a half, but that is because I was always on the job and luck was with me. I got hold of a tip this afternoon that unless something out of the common happens, I expect will land \$1,000 or more in my pocket."

"Well, you're right in Wall Street and have a better chance, I suppose, than people who just go down there to invest on the strength of what they read in the newspapers. When you get a tip you naturally have some advantage."

"If it's a reliable one. All sorts of worthless tips are flying around the Street. Some are sent out to deceive the public, while others are merely the private opinions of people who think they know a lot about the market and flatter themselves that they can guess how the cat is going to jump."

"You think the tip you got hold of is a reliable one?"

"If it isn't I'll never put faith in another."

As Ed pushed his chair back from the table the bell rang and he went and pushed the button.

Then he went out on the landing to see who was coming up.

The visitor proved to be a friend of his named Joe Billings.

"Want to go to the show to-night?" Joe. "I've got a pass for two."

"You mean the Metropolis?"

"Yes."

"I'll go with you."

Ed got into his overcoat, told his sister where he was bound, and started off with his friend.

"Beastly fog, isn't it?" said Joe.

"Yes. It's thick as much way downtown. The commuters to New Jersey and the people who live over on Staten Island must have had a nice time getting home after work this afternoon."

"I'll bet they did. When the weather is thick or extra cold, I'm always glad I live within easy reach of the elevated."

Notwithstanding the fog the theater was comfortably filled that evening, for a popular play was on the boards for that week.

The show got out about eleven, and the boys started home.

As they lived within a few blocks of the theater, they did not think it necessary to take either a surface car or the elevated.

They were half way up a side block off Third avenue when the figure of a man suddenly rose up from the sidewalk in front of them with an ejaculation as though their coming was unexpected to him.

At the same time Ed struck a soft object in his path and fell over it.

In falling he grabbed the man instinctively to save himself from the fall.

One of his hands encountered the stranger's watch-chain, and his fingers closed around a charm that was attached to the chain.

The man struck him a blow on the face and drew back.

Ed fell to the ground, but the charm came away in his grasp.

The stranger then disappeared in the fog and darkness.

Joe had also stumbled over the object on the sidewalk, but saved himself from falling.

Ed realized that he was sprawling over the body of a human being who lay motionless on the sidewalk.

"Strike a match, Joe. There's a man lying here," he said.

Joe pulled out a match, ignited it on his trouser's leg, and as the glow penetrated the fog like a halo, the indistinct outline of a man was seen before them.

Ed flashed a second match himself closer to the figure, and saw that there was blood on the side of the head.

A light came with a round, loaded handle lay close by.

Whether this belonged to the unconscious man, or he had been struck down by it, was a matter of doubt, but the Wall Street errand boy was inclined to believe the latter suggestion.

The stranger's overcoat and inner coat were both open, which was rather suggestive under the circumstances.

The senseless man was well dressed and of middle age.

"Looks like a case of hold-up, doesn't it?" said Joe.

"Very much so. His head is cut from a blow handed to him from behind. The chap who got up so suddenly hit me in the face and then took a hasty leave seems to be the responsible agent in this affair. We'll have to carry this party to the nearest drugstore, and have him brought to his senses. By the way, I've got something belonging to the man who got away."

"Something he dropped?"

"No. Something I accidentally pulled off him—a watch-charm."

"That will be a clew for the police."

The boys picked the unconscious man up by the legs and shoulders and started back toward Third avenue.

He proved quite a weight to carry, as well as an awkward burden.

A walk of two blocks brought them to a corner drugstore, and they carried him in there.

The head clerk of the store was just closing up.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"We found this man senseless and bleeding on — street. We have an idea that he was attacked and knocked down in the fog, for we caught a man bending over him. He got away in a hurry. We decided to bring this man to the nearest drugstore, which happens to be this place. You ought to be able to bring him to his senses, then we'll find out if it is a case for the police."

"Bring him in to the room in the back," said the clerk.

The boys did so and laid their burden on the lounge that was there.

The clerk examined the man's wound, and said it had been inflicted by a blunt instrument.

"Do you think it was done with this cane?" asked Ed, holding up the loaded one.

"Not unlikely. You found that on the spot?"

"Yes."

"The man you caught bending over him, was he a rough fellow?"

"No; he looked quite respectable. Not like a footpad at all."

"He ran away, you say?"

"I don't say that he ran away, but he got out of sight."

While they were speaking the clerk was working over the man.

In a few minutes the stranger sighed and opened his eyes.

He stared around him in a puzzled way.

"Where am I?" he said.

"You're in the back room of a drugstore," replied the clerk.

"How came I here?"

"You were brought here by those two boys, who said they found you senseless on the sidewalk."

"Ah, yes, I was knocked down by the blow from a cane. Then a man jumped on me and choked me till I lost my senses. I have been robbed, I suppose?"

He put his hand to his watch pocket, but found that article safe.

Then he shoved his hand in his pocket and pulled out a roll of money.

"I guess these boys saved you from being cleaned out," said the clerk. "They scared your assailant away."

The man's wound, which was not very serious, was bound up, and he got on his feet.

"I am much obliged to you, my lads, for your services," he said. "But for you I would have been robbed of everything. Let me show my gratitude by handing you a small token of my appreciation."

He peeled off a couple \$100 bills and offered them to Ed and Joe.

Ed declined to take the money, and Joe didn't like to when his companion refused.

When the stranger found they would not take the bills, he asked them their names and addresses.

He put his hand into his inside pocket to get a card from his wallet, and uttered an exclamation of concern.

"It's gone," he said. "I wouldn't have lost it for ten thousand dollars."

"Was it full? What have you lost?"

"My wallet."

"Was it full of money—big bills?" wondering that the gentleman should carry so much cash around with him at night, especially on a night favorable to street thieves.

"No. There was an important paper in it."

"The man probably got that out of your pocket, thinking it held your money, for when we picked you up your overcoat and inner coat were both unbuttoned," said Ed.

"Too bad; too bad. The paper was of no value to the rascal, but it was of great value to me. I would rather have lost everything else than that."

"That is too bad, sir."

"Why not notify the police of your loss?" said Joe. "We had a fair look at the man and could describe him tolerably well. A detective might be able to catch him and perhaps recover your wallet."

"I have a clew to him. When I grabbed him, and he struck at me, this watch-charm came off in my hand," said Ed, handing it to the gentleman.

The man gave one glance at the article, which the boys now saw was a handsome charm, with a monogram made out of chip diamonds, and exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Could it have been he who——"

He stopped and stared fixedly at the charm, while the two boys and the drug clerk looked somewhat astonished.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAPPENED IN MR. ASHTON'S PRIVATE ROOM.

"It must have been. It must have been," he muttered. "I never took him for such a scoundrel, and yet the temptation to get it away from me must have been irresistible, for with that paper in my possession I had him under my thumb; but with this piece of evidence in my hands, and the testimony of these boys who saw his face, it will avail him nothing. If he has destroyed it I will make him sign another, or bring him before the Board of Governors."

Asking the drug clerk for a piece of paper, he took down the boys' names and addresses, and told them they would hear from him in a day or two.

"Shall we go with you to the police station?" asked Ed.

"No, it isn't necessary. I will keep this charm and see what comes of it."

Accompanied by the boys he left the drugstore after handing the clerk a \$5 bill, and after walking a couple of blocks with the lads, during which he told them his name was Ashton, and assured them they had conferred a great favor on him, he parted from them and went on his way, while Ed and Joe proceeded to their own homes.

When Ed went to lunch next day he dropped in at the little bank on Nassau street and bought 100 shares of J. & D. on margin at the market price of 80.

He put up \$1,000 security, which left him with a balance of about \$200.

Shortly after he returned to the office the man who called

on Mr. Denton the day before came in and asked for the gentleman as before.

Ed was called to attend to him.

The moment his eyes rested on the man, whose name he remembered was Jackson, a picture of the man in the fog of the night before rose before his mental vision.

Instinctively he looked at his watch-chain.

No charm dangled there, nor was there any evidence that a charm had ever hung there.

The day previous the man's coat had been tightly buttoned so that his watch-chain was not visible.

To-day being fine and not cold, his coat was open.

There was a decided resemblance between this man Jackson and the man in the fog, but Ed dismissed his suspicions, for it did not seem likely that there could be any connection between the two.

As Mr. Denton was out, Jackson had to go away.

Three o'clock came and Ed was thinking of getting away from the office when Mr. Denton rang for him, handed him an envelope, and told him to take it to the office of a Jersey City broker.

"If the gentleman isn't in, wait for him, for it is important I should get a reply from him," said Mr. Denton. "And, by the way, leave this note at Mr. Ashton's office on your way. He will give you an answer, too."

"Ashton!" thought Ed, as he walked out. "That's the name of the gentleman Joe and I gave a helping hand to last night. I wonder if this letter is for him? He did not mention the fact that he was a broker. Well, I shall know when I see him."

Broker Ashton's office was in an old building on Hanover street, near Wall, and Ed went there first.

The gentleman was not in.

The clerk said he had gone to a meeting of the directors of a manufacturing company he was connected with.

"He won't be back to-day, then?"

"Yes, he will be back at half-past four. He has an engagement with a party about that time."

"I'm going over to Jersey City, and expect to be back at four. I may call between that and half-past four," said Ed.

He went on his way and reached Jersey City at half-past three.

Here he met with another disappointment.

The gentleman it was important for him to get an answer from wasn't in, and the clerk who saw Ed couldn't say when he would be in.

"I'll have to wait for him to come back, then," said the boy.

The gentleman did not return till twenty minutes past four, just as Ed was wondering if he would return at all.

He read the note, wrote the desired reply, and Ed hustled for the ferry.

It was close on to five when Ed got back to the office, wondering if he would find his boss waiting for him.

He saw there was a light shining under the door of Room 311, so he knew Mr. Denton was in there.

He let himself in at No. 308, walked through the other rooms and knocked on the door of the private office.

"Come in," said his employer. "What kept you so long?" he added when Ed marched in. "Did you have to wait for the gentleman?"

"Yes, sir; nearly an hour. Here's his answer."

Denton read it.

"How about Mr. Ashton? Where's his answer?"

"I didn't see him. He was out to a meeting of directors. I can run down to his office now."

"Too late, I'm afraid."

"His clerk said he would be in around half-past four, as he had an appointment with a visitor. It is possible I may catch him before he goes away."

"You can try it. You can hand me the answer in the morning if you get it," and Mr. Denton closed his desk and got up to go.

Ed helped him on with his overcoat, and they left the building together.

The boy made a bee-line for Ashton's office in Hanover street.

The one-hoss elevator took him up to the floor.

He asked the elevator boy if he thought Mr. Ashton was in.

"I took him up about half an hour ago, and I haven't seen him since," was the reply. "He might have left by the stairs, though I don't imagine he did. The last of his clerks left about five minutes ago."

"He expected a visitor between half-past four and five. That's why I came on the chance of catching him."

Broker Ashton had a suite of two rooms.

One of them was large and embraced his counting-room, while the other was his private office.

The rooms were at the back of the third floor, and overlooked a rear prospect.

As Ed walked down the hall he saw the private office was lighted up.

"He's in," said Ed to himself.

He tried the door of the big room, but found it was locked.

He went to the door of the private office and was about to knock, when he suddenly heard loud voices inside, then the ejaculation, "Ha! would you murder me?"

"Yes, blame you, unless you give up——" the rest of the man's reply being lost in the struggle that immediately took place.

"My gracious! What does this mean?" said Ed.

Then he heard a blow and a groan, followed by a fall.

He applied his eye to the keyhole, and saw a man he judged was Ashton lying on the floor, while bending over him, with a slung-shot in his fingers, was Jackson, the man who had twice called at his office two days running.

He was fairly staggered by the sight in the room.

He saw Jackson drop the weapon in his overcoat pocket, then stoop down and take something from the senseless man's fingers.

The light showed Ed that it was the watch-charm he had turned over to the broker the night before.

The boy no longer had any doubt that Jackson was the person who had struck Mr. Ashton down in the fog and darkness, and had stolen his wallet containing the important paper.

His purpose had evidently been to secure the document, just as his present object was to recover the charm, the loss of which made things uncomfortable for him.

Singular to say, Ed had come along in time to be a witness of his second assault on the broker.

The question was what was he to do?

Nobody seemed to be in any of the offices on that floor.

The only thing he could do was to rush to the elevator and ring for the man to come up.

As soon as the elevator stopped at the floor, Ed hurriedly told the man what had happened in Ashton's office.

Needless to say he was astonished and seemed to doubt the truth of Ed's statement.

"Come down and look through the keyhole of the private room," said Ed.

The man followed him.

As they approached the door the boy saw that the light inside had been extinguished.

That put an end to anything being seen through the keyhole.

Just then the door of the general office was opened and a man stepped out.

The light was not very bright in the corridor, but Ed recognized him as Jackson.

"That's the man who downed Mr. Ashton," whispered Ed, grabbing the elevator man's arm to impress the fact upon him.

Jackson paused irresolutely at the door on seeing the two.

"You're name is Jackson, isn't it?" said Ed, stepping forward.

The man started on recognizing the boy as the lad he had twice seen in Mr. Denton's office.

"No, my name isn't Jackson," he said, starting to push past Ed.

"Hold on a minute," said the boy, seizing him by the arm. "What did you do just now to Mr. Ashton?"

"Eh? What are you talking about?"

"I was looking through the keyhole of the private room door, and I saw you strike the gentleman down with a slung-shot."

"You infernal young liar, what do you mean by accusing me of such a thing as that?"

"Then my accusation is not based on fact?" said Ed.

"Of course it isn't."

"All right. Then you will have no objection to going back into Mr. Ashton's private room with us. If that gentleman is not lying senseless on the floor as I saw him struck down, I will apologize for my statement and admit that I didn't see what I thought I did."

Jackson saw he was in a tight fix.

He couldn't go back, of course, without criminating himself, which meant that he would be detained and arrested.

There was no doubt that the boy had seen what happened in the room.

His only way out of the predicament was to make his escape

from the building at once without reference to the construction which such a course would put on his action.

Luck was against him, but at all hazard he must try and save himself.

So giving Ed a violent shove, which sent the boy against the opposite wall of the corridor, he rushed in the direction of the elevator.

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried Ed, trying to recover his balance.

The elevator man, not knowing positively that a crime had been committed, made only a half-hearted attempt to head off the man, which gave Jackson every chance to reach the cage standing at the floor.

He sprang inside, slammed the door shut, and started the cage down.

When Ed and the elevator man reached the iron latticed framework the car had touched the ground floor, Jackson dashed out of it and made his escape from the building.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH J. & D. GOES UP.

"He's got away," said Ed, in a disappointed tone. "However, it doesn't matter. I shall turn in his name and description to the police, and they will get him. Let us go back and see what we can do for Mr. Ashton."

At that moment some one rang for the elevator, and the man said he had to go downstairs and attend to business, but would come back.

He ran down the stairs, and Ed entered the office alone.

Passing through to the private room, the boy turned up the electric light and found things as he expected.

The broker was lying senseless on the rug just as he had fallen when the cruel blow had fallen on his skull.

There was no blood visible, as the slung-shot had not cut the skin.

The blow had probably only been heavy enough to knock him out.

The first thing Ed did was to look up the call of Police Headquarters, and then communicate with that place.

He told the office at the other end of the wire what had happened, and asked that an officer be sent to the building at once.

While he was doing this the elevator man came in and saw how matters were.

"Get some water and bathe his face," said Ed. "I'll be through in a moment."

In a few minutes he was helping the man bring the broker to his senses.

This they succeeded in doing.

Mr. Ashton looked around him in a dazed manner.

"What happened to me?" he asked.

"Don't you remember?" said Ed. "You had an interview with a man named Jackson. It ended in trouble. He wanted that watch-charm, and when you refused to give it up, he struck you down."

"Yes, yes; the scoundrel! What became of him?"

"He got away and carried the charm with him. I have notified the police, and an officer will soon be here to whom you can tell all the particulars."

"Aren't you one of the boys who helped me last night when I was assaulted by the same man in the fog up in the Bronx?"

"Yes."

"How is it that you have come to my aid a second time—here in my office?"

"I was sent to you with a message that requires an answer."

"Who sent you?" asked the broker, in some surprise.

"Mr. Ralph Denton, of No. — Wall Street."

"Are you employed by him?"

"I am."

"Is it possible! How long have you been working at his office?"

"About two weeks."

"Well, well, and I never dreamed you were connected with the financial district. I am very glad you happened to get here in time to help me."

"I am glad, too. How do you feel now?"

"Rather shaky, but I guess I'm not badly hurt. So the villain achieved his object. Well, I don't think it will do him much good, since you appear to know him, and saw him here."

"I didn't see him hit you, but when I looked through the keyhole of that door, after hearing a rumpus in here, I saw

him standing over you as you lay on the floor. I saw the slung-shot in his hand, and I also saw him take the watch-charm out of your fingers. I think my testimony will be good enough to secure his arrest with your own statement; and I can swear he was the same party who knocked you out in the Bronx last night, or at least that he was the man my friend and I caught bending over you," said Ed.

"That will be enough. I shall push the law against him to the limit. Where did you meet him before? You appear to know him fairly well."

"He called twice on Mr. Denton on business—yesterday and to-day."

"That's how you came to know his name?"

"Yes."

The broker lay back and closed his eyes.

At that point the watchman of the building, sent by the elevator man, came in.

Ed explained the case to him in the next room.

Then a plain-clothes man from Police Headquarters appeared, and Ed, after going over the matter again, took him to the private room.

Mr. Ashton told about the interview he had had with Jackson.

He explained that Jackson was a Curb broker who had sold him a big block of copper stock for a certain figure.

The stock had suddenly jumped in price, and Jackson was unable to deliver it.

When he (Ashton) demanded a settlement at the market price, Jackson tried to wiggle out of it, but was finally compelled to sign a paper admitting his indebtedness, and settling the manner of payment.

This paper Ashton secured from him the night before at a certain club.

The broker then started for home.

From what followed Ashton was satisfied that Jackson regretted having signed the document, and believing the fog would cover his purpose, had followed him, struck him down on the street, and got the paper.

But for the appearance of Ed and his friend Joe on the scene of the outrage, the broker never would have known who his assailant was.

When he saw the watch-charm he recognized it as Jackson's property, and this was proved by his initials on it.

Determining to bring the man to his knees, he had sent for him to call at his office between half-past four and five that afternoon.

Jackson came.

Then Ashton accused him of the assault and the theft of the paper.

Jackson denied it emphatically until confronted with the sight of the watch-charm which he had missed soon after the crime.

Then he declared he had lost the charm and was not responsible for it being in the broker's possession.

Mr. Ashton told him that wouldn't go, for he had two witnesses to the assault, the boys who had happened on the scene, one of whom was ready to swear the charm had come off his watch-chain into his hand when he (the boy) tried to stop him from getting away.

That forced Jackson into a corner, and he jumped up and swore he would kill Ashton if the broker didn't hand over the charm and drop the case.

This the broker indignantly declined to do, and the second assault followed.

The detective took down Jackson's full name and business address, said he would look up his home address, and arrest him that night if he could find him.

With that assurance he departed.

Mr. Ashton felt much better by this time, and said he was able to go home without any assistance.

He read Ed's note, wrote a brief reply, and handed it to the boy.

Then they left the building together, Mr. Ashton going up Wall Street to get a Sixth avenue train, which he could connect with by walking through the Empire Building, which faced on the west side of Broadway, while Ed started for the Hanover Square station of the Third avenue elevated road.

Of course, he was home late again that evening, but he had a thrilling addition to make to his story of his previous night's adventure, which he had detailed to his sister and brother-in-law that morning.

They were amazed at what he told them.

"That man Jackson must be a great rascal," said Richard Brown. "You would hardly expect such villainy from a man

whose business brings him into daily contact with gentlemen."

"That's right, Dick," said Ed. "But you know nothing will change a leopard's spots. Rascals are to be found in the best grades of society just as they are to be picked up among the tenements. The gloss of refinement does not make a born villain the less dangerous."

"I should think it would make him all the more dangerous."

"This man Jackson is dangerous enough. Both of the assaults he made on Broker Ashton were about as nervy as could be expected of a professional criminal. However, he is likely to be in jail before morning, and he will have leisure time to ponder over his crooked work. Mr. Ashton said he intended to make him sweat for what he did."

"I should think he would," said Brown. "It's bad enough to be downed once from a blow on the head, but when it is repeated within twenty-four hours, that's rubbing it in with a vengeance."

"Yes, it's carrying matters pretty far, especially among gentlemen."

"You don't call Jackson a gentleman, do you?"

"Hardly, but he's been an associate of Ashton and the other brokers, and no doubt has been looked on as a gentleman. His friends will have a different opinion when they read the papers in the morning."

After supper Ed went around to Joe's house to tell him the sequel of the previous night's attack on Mr. Ashton.

Needless to say Joe was as astonished as any one could be.

"So Mr. Ashton is a broker and you never suspected it till you called on him this afternoon," said Joe.

"That's true," answered Ed.

"It's funny how you should happen to butt in on that man Jackson a second time while he was trying to repeat his rascally performance with Mr. Ashton. I suppose you would call that a sort of coincidence."

"It was certainly odd. I have proved his Nemesis in a way."

"You will have to testify in court against him."

"Yes. So will you if you think you will be able to identify him as the man we encountered in the fog."

"I didn't get a very good look at him. I don't think I'd know him again."

"I can swear to him, and you can swear that you saw the same man I did, which will help corroborate my story."

"I can do that, of course."

Ed stayed out the evening with Joe and then went home.

The morning papers contained the story of the two attacks on Broker Ashton by Broker Jackson, though the first attack appeared to be somewhat indefinite.

Jackson had not been arrested up to midnight, as he couldn't be found at his bachelor apartments on Park avenue, nor at any of his customary resorts.

The police, however, expected to get him at his office next day if he appeared there.

Ed, after reading the story, thought it was doubtful if he would go to his office under the circumstances.

Still he would have to face the music some time, for he had to look after his business.

The boy thought the most likely thing he would do would be to try and settle the case with Mr. Ashton through some friend or a lawyer.

From Mr. Ashton's attitude on the subject it did not seem likely he would be able to make terms that would let him out of his hole.

Ed went to work at the usual time, and when he got off at three he called on Broker Ashton, after reading the afternoon papers and learning that Jackson was still among the missing.

Mr. Ashton received him cordially.

He had entirely recovered from the shock of the second attack, and he was full of gratitude to the errand boy.

"Won't you let me pay you in some way for your services?" he asked.

"No, sir. It isn't necessary," answered Ed. "I am fully repaid by having done the best I could for you under the circumstances."

"But I should like to make you a substantial present."

"Your thanks are good enough for me. If I should need a favor any time, I will call on you."

"Do so. It will be granted if it lies within my power."

"The police haven't caught Jackson, I see. He is hiding with the idea of coming to a private settlement with you, maybe."

"He can't come to any settlement with me," said the broker, in a decided tone. "The fellow might have killed me, or at least injured me very seriously. I intend to push matters against him to the limit. I have talked the case over with several of my friends, and they agree he ought to be handled

without gloves. A common crook would receive little mercy for one such assault if captured. Why should he be treated with more lenience?"

Ed agreed with the broker, and soon afterward went home.

Next day Ed noticed that J. & D. was on the upward path.

He visited several of the men to whom he had carried notes, and whom he believed were members of the syndicate associated with his employer.

When Saturday came around the stock was up to 85, and was attracting some attention in the Street.

Four days had elapsed since the assault on Mr. Ashton in his office, and Jackson had not been arrested.

If the man was trying to arrange things with the man he had attacked, of course, Ed did not know anything about it.

On the following Wednesday J. & D. reached 90.

A great deal of business was doing in it at the Exchange among the traders, either on their own account or for their customers.

Ed heard a broker tell another that the stock was scarce, and that he believed it was cornered by a syndicate.

"If he knew what I know about it he would be certain of it," thought Ed, as he walked away.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTURED.

When Ed left his office for home that afternoon he was followed by a man who had been standing for a while in front of the office building.

Ed did not go to the Hanover Square station, which was the nearest way to the Third avenue elevated road.

He was in no hurry to get home, and as it was a pleasant day, though chilly, he walked slowly up Nassau street to City Hall Park.

The park was deserted of loungers at that season of the year.

The trees were leafless, and the general effect bleak.

He intended to take a train at the City Hall station at the Brooklyn Bridge.

At the time of our story the subway had not yet begun operations, though it expected to run to One Hundred and Forty-fifth street shortly.

As Ed was going up the stairs, the man who had followed him from Wall Street tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your name is Edward Arlington, I believe?" he said.

"Yes," replied the boy, wondering who the stranger was, for he did not remember having seen him before.

"You are employed in the office of Ralph Denton?"

"Yes."

"I have something to say to you privately. Will you step aside?"

"What's your business?"

"You know a broker by the name of Rupert Jackson?"

"Do you mean the man the police are looking for?"

"Yes. He got into a little trouble over some private business with another broker named Ashton."

"A little trouble! I think it is a mighty serious trouble he has placed himself in."

"We won't discuss that. I am a friend of his, and he wants me to see you, as you are a factor against him."

"What do you want to see me about?"

"He is trying to effect a settlement with Ashton, and it would be much to his advantage if he could persuade you to forget what you have learned about the trouble."

"I suppose he would like to buy me off; is that what you're getting at?"

"That's about the size of it," admitted the man, frankly. "I am authorized to hand you \$250 and guarantee you \$750 more if you will promise to have a foggy memory in the event that he is brought into court to answer the two charges of assault."

"Your object in seeking this interview is to offer me a bribe of \$1,000 to go into court and shield Jackson to the best of my ability?"

"We won't call it a bribe. We will term it a substantial evidence of his appreciation for a service rendered by you."

"As I have already given my testimony, not only to Mr. Ashton, but also to a Headquarters detective, how do you suppose, when put to the test, that I can go back on it?"

"That's easy enough. You have read in the papers how when people are brought up before investigating committees that they are often afflicted with shocking bad memories. The same thing could easily happen to you, for it's over a week

since the two assaults were pulled off. A boy can't be expected to remember exactly what he saw a week ago."

"Well, my memory is very clear on the subject."

"Just so, but isn't it worth while making \$1,000?"

"Not by making a liar of myself."

"Some people would forget what happened to them yesterday if they could make a ten-dollar bill."

"I'm not one of those kind of people."

"But consider what a lot of money \$1,000 is. You could have all kinds of good times with it, and it would last you quite a while."

"Nothing doing, my friend," said Ed, decidedly. "You can go back to your friend Jackson and tell him that he nor anybody else in Wall Street, or elsewhere, is rich enough to buy my conscience. I believe in square dealing. That is my principle. If I wanted \$1,000 very bad, Mr. Ashton would let me have it."

"I will make it \$500 down right here," and the man pulled out a roll of bills, "and \$1,000 more when the case is settled."

"No, sir. I wouldn't take the whole \$1,500 down, and as much more on top of it, and do as you suggest."

"Then you absolutely refuse to accept a good thing?"

"I absolutely refuse to accept anything in the shape of a bribe."

Thus speaking, Ed walked away, leaving the man very much disappointed.

On the following day J. & D. went to 95, and next day to 101.

Ed decided that it was time for him to sell out, and he did.

His profit on the deal amounted to a little over \$2,000, and he was very well satisfied.

He showed his brother-in-law the bank's statement of his account in great glee, and asked him what he thought about Wall Street tips.

"Your tip has panned out all right," admitted Brown. "The same tip would probably have been of no use to me, for I wouldn't know how to take advantage of it."

"Of course you've got to know something about the game to follow a tip up," said Ed. "I've been in Wall Street about three years, and for half that time at least I've been studying the market and making small ventures. This deal was by far the biggest one I have made. I risked nearly all my capital. I wouldn't have dared take such a risk if I had not the fullest confidence in the tip. If I told you how I got hold of it you'd understand how good it was."

"Did you get it at your office?"

"I won't say whether I did or not."

"You needn't be afraid to tell me."

"I'm not; but it is one of the rules of Wall Street not to talk about anything connected with your own office. People have been discharged right off the reel for not keeping their tongues quiet under subjection."

"As you have a good job, I won't be inquisitive about your business affairs. I congratulate you on making so much money. How much are you worth now?"

"About \$3,200."

"You're rich for a boy. It will be a long time before I am likely to be worth half that sum."

"Never mind. Neither you nor sis shall want for anything as long as I am around. You're a good brother-in-law, and I appreciate the fact."

On Saturday night Joe Billings turned up with tickets for a smoker held by a political and athletic club on the east side of the Bronx, and Ed was quite willing to take it in with his friend.

They went to the club rooms, which was over a saloon, and found the place crowded.

They had to content themselves with standing room.

The programme consisted of a number of vaudeville acts by experienced amateurs, and double the number of three-minute boxing rounds.

The boys stayed till half-past eleven, and left before the programme was finished.

They were proceeding up a dark and silent street when an express wagon came dashing along.

It was filled with tough-looking boys, and was driven by a man.

The vehicle ran up to the curb ahead of Ed and Joe, and the bunch tumbled out of it in a hurry.

Before Ed and his friend had any idea what was going to happen they were set upon by the crowd and knocked down.

A handkerchief was placed over Ed's face by the man, and a boy did the same to Joe.

The two lads put up the best struggle they were capable of, but they had no show whatever.

The handkerchiefs were drugged and they soon became unconscious.

Joe was hauled into a doorway and left, while Ed was bundled into the wagon, which then drove off toward the Harlem River.

The wagon, drawn by a single sorrel nag, made good time to a small, lonesome wharf on the Harlem River, to the east of the railroad freight yard.

Randall's Island divides the river into two parts.

The northern or narrowest arm is called the Bronx Kill, and it was on this stream that the wharf stood toward which the vehicle was driven.

There is little traffic on the Kill at any time, as all craft passing through the Harlem River enter or pass out at the east end by way of the southern channel.

The bank of the Kill has a deserted appearance at all times, but naturally it is much more lonesome at night.

Under the clouded sky of this particular Saturday night one had to be familiar with his bearings to get around in safety.

The driver of the wagon knew exactly how to reach the wharf in question by the speediest and most direct route, and inside of twenty minutes he drew up in the darkness close to it.

The only lights to be seen in that vicinity were the headlights of the yard locomotives moving cars about from one track to another, and the track signals near the ground.

It was a little after midnight, and only an occasional light could be seen in a building.

The bunch of boys tumbled out of the wagon, dragged the unconscious Ed out, and carried him to the end of the wharf, where a weather-beaten old sloop lay moored with her mainsail and jib shaken out in readiness for hoisting.

The Wall Street lad was taken into the dirty cabin, which was illumined by a smoky oil lamp that gave out very little light, and deposited on the floor.

Then his arms were bound behind his back, he was lifted into a bunk at one side of the craft, an old blanket pulled over him, and the faded curtains of some dark material drawn so as to hide him from sight.

In the meanwhile the man in charge of the wagon had driven away.

The boys, there were eight of them who acted as though the whole thing was a great lark, proceeded to unmoor the sloop and hoist her sail.

The wind came keen and cold off the Bronx flats, but it had little weight in it, so that the craft moved away from the wharf in a sluggish manner.

One of the largest tough boys acted as the boss and directed operations from the hand tiller, at which he stood.

The black night, the black water and the black land on either side mingled in one opaque mass, but the helmsman seemed to know his way as well as though the Kill was brilliantly lit up.

As soon as the sails were spread the rest of the boys proceeded to amuse themselves according as their fancy dictated.

One remained in the cockpit to keep the leader company, while the other six entered the cabin and, squatting around on the floor, started a game of cards for small monetary stakes.

At the forward end of the cabin a beer keg, with a metal spout driven into the bung-hole, was elevated on skids.

Several beer glasses stood handy, and these were presently in service carrying beer to the lips of the boys.

The pair outside made sure that they got their share of the foaming beverage, and so matters went as merry as a marriage bell aboard the old hooker.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE WHICH FAILED.

It took the sloop more than an hour to make the East River, and then her course was altered to the northeast.

Considering the state of the night, it was somewhat surprising that the boy at the helm experienced no great trouble in following the right path, with only an occasional dark object on the right or the left for a guide.

At half-past one the boat was clear of Randall's Island and threading its way close in to the Bronx shore.

At two o'clock a small island loomed up ahead, and the sloop took the channel between it and the main land.

It was about this time that Ed recovered his senses.

Naturally, his first thought was one of wonder on finding himself in a strange place.

As his brain cleared he started to rise, and found that his arms were tied.

Through the thin folds of the curtain he saw the dim light of the lamp, and heard the talk and laughter of the boys at their card game.

All that was very strange to him.

The motion of the sloop through the water was so light that the prisoner did not know for the time being that he was aboard a river craft.

His legs being at liberty, he used them to find out the kind of bunk he was lying on.

He found it was narrow, and was close up against a wooden wall.

He remembered the assault made upon him and Joe by the wagonful of tough boys, and as the voices beyond the curtain belonged to boys, whose toughness seemed evident, he knew that he was a prisoner in their hands, and he took it for granted that Joe was also a victim.

Why he and his friend should have been set upon, drugged and carried away was a mystery he could not fathom.

Of course, the reader knows that Joe Billings was not aboard the sloop.

The sole object of the midnight assault appeared to be the abduction of Ed alone.

Billings had been roughly handled and drugged to prevent him from interfering in the affair.

We may as well say here that Joe was later on discovered by a policeman on that beat, and the officer, taking him for a young drunk, got a wheelbarrow and trundled him to the precinct station, where he was locked up without ceremony to sleep his jag off.

Ed worked himself close to the curtain, seized one end of it in his teeth, and pulled it aside far enough for his eyes to obtain a view of the room.

He was now able to see the six boys at their game, and to note the beer keg.

His roving eyes soon informed him that what he looked upon was the cabin of a boat, but it was some little time before he became aware that the vessel was in motion.

"I wonder what I'm up against?" Ed asked himself. "Why should these chaps go to the trouble of carrying me off? They must have some object."

It was impossible for him to guess what that object was.

One of the card players while drinking his sixth beer happened to look at the head of the bunk where Ed lay, and caught that lad's eyes peering out from the corner of the curtain.

"He's awake, fellers," he said.

"Who's awake, Mopsy?" asked one of his companions, lazily.

"De pris'ner."

This announcement drew all eyes toward the bunk.

The fact that their victim was looking at them did not bother the bunch to any extent.

They amused themselves for a few minutes guying Ed, and then let him alone.

The beer and the lateness of the hour soon after that made the toughs sleepy.

The card game broke up, and the bunch, curling up on the floor, were presently asleep.

Ed also dozed off, and so the night passed away and daylight came, cold and gray, and found the sloop still hugging the East River shore of the Bronx.

The only other craft on that part of the river was a big three-masted schooner loaded with lumber, headed for the city.

Her big sails hung wrinkled and almost useless, so little wind breathed upon them, and if she was making any headway at all it was not noticeable.

Only the man at the helm was visible aboard of her.

Probably he stood there half asleep, for he had nothing to do.

A house here and there could dimly be seen along the shore.

There were no signs of life at that early hour on Sunday morning.

Morning grew apace, and the boyish leader of the sloop gang was leaning over the helm, apparently asleep.

His companion, with his back against the end of the cabin, and his head sunk forward, was undoubtedly dead to the world for the time being.

At that moment a face appeared at the open cabin door.

The countenance belonged to Ed, the Wall Street errand boy.

After a lot of patient effort he had succeeded in releasing his arms.

Then he left the bunk and stepped softly over his sleeping captors.

He looked at the drowsy steersman and then at his motionless companion.

He stepped into the cockpit and looked cautiously around.

The shore was about a hundred yards away.

To reach it he would be obliged to swim the intervening distance.

The water looked cold, and as it was the early part of February, there was no doubt about its icy condition.

And after reaching the shore he would have to travel through an unfamiliar and sparsely populated district in his wet garments.

Such a prospect was no joke.

Ed clambered on top of the cabin and went forward.

A scuttle cover in the bows attracted his notice.

It was supplied by a hasp and staple, but the pin or padlock that usually went with the combination was missing.

Instead of taking to the water, which Ed did not relish, he lifted the scuttle, let himself down into the small compartment, which was littered with rubbish, rope, a block or two, and some pieces of old iron, and let the cover down over him.

"When they find me missing I wonder if they'll guess I'm hiding down here?" the boy thought. "They may not bother about me until they make their intended landing, and then I'll be able to give them a run for their money."

The morning air grew lighter as the moments passed.

The steersman, whose name was Griffith, woke up, shook himself, and squinted his eyes shoreward.

"I've never seen sich a bum-breeze," he muttered. "It'll take us half the mornin' to get to the P'int at this rate. The boat ain't goin' worth shucks. I dunno what's the matter with the wind. When a feller wants it he ought to have it. I don't like long-winded jobs like this. The man that's behind this game ought to pay a bonus. I'm goin' to strike him for it."

Griffith rubbed his hands together to infuse a little warmth into them, pulled the collar of his ragged overcoat closer about his ears, then produced a ham sandwich from one of his pockets and began to eat.

The breeze swung around to another quarter and freshened a bit.

The sloop's sails filled and she began getting a move on her.

"That's somethin' like," said Griffith, in a tone of satisfaction. "If it keeps up we'll soon get to the P'int."

His companion woke up and the leader called to him to hold the tiller.

"I'm goin' in to take a look at the pris'ner."

He entered the cabin, pulled the curtain aside, and gasped when he saw the vacant bunk with the rope that had bound Ed's arms lying in it.

With an imprecation he looked about the cabin as if he expected to find the prisoner crouching in a corner.

Of course he saw no signs of him.

"Where the deuce could he have gone?" he said. "I don't see how he could get out of this place without wakin' me or one of these fellers."

He kicked and pulled the six boys till he had aroused them.

"The pris'ner has got away," he said.

"Wot's dat? Got away?" said Mopsy. "How could he? Yer ain't been up agin de shore, have yer?"

"Of course I haven't. Get out and look for him."

The bunch tumbled into the cockpit.

"Mebbe he went overboard and swum ashore," suggested one of them. "Dat's de only way he could get dere."

"I don't see how he could with me at the tiller," said the leader.

"P'haps yer wuz asleep."

"What, me asleep! I guess not."

The crowd was at their wits' end.

It seemed evident that their late prisoner had managed to leave the sloop somehow.

Nobody thought about going forward and looking down into the forepeak.

Griffith was as mad as a hornet.

He said if they had lost their man they wouldn't get a cent for the trouble they'd been put to.

"And there's the P'int yonder with the house where the guy who hired us is waitin' for us to show up," he said. "I'd like to know what I'm goin' to say to him. He'll call us a lot of slobs."

Then Griffith's eyes rested on the scuttle cover of the forepeak, and he got an idea.

Springing on the roof of the cabin, he went forward.

He flung open the scuttle and looked down.

At first he could see nothing, for it was dark down in the place.

He fumbled in his pockets for a match. Finding one, he lit it and flashed the light down. Ed could not escape from the glow, and the leader saw him crouching in one corner. He let out a whoop of satisfaction. "I've got him, fellers," he shouted. "He's hidin' down here." He slammed the cover down and called some of the boys forward and told them to sit on it. "All's serene now," he said, with a grin. "He can't get out till we yank him out. We'll soon reach the P'int, and then we'll collect what's comin' to us." He returned to the tiller and took charge of the sloop again.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMY.

The sloop duly made the Point and ran close up alongside of the shore.

Griffith sent Mopsy ashore, pitched him the mooring line, and told him to make it fast to a stake near the water's edge.

"Now then, see that the pris'ner doesn't give you the slip while I go over and see the boss of the job," he said.

"How's he goin' to get away wit' us sittin' here?" said one of the gang.

"How did he get out of the cabin with you fellers lyin' around in there?" retorted the leader, in a tone intended to be sarcastic.

"Aw rats! How did he get out'r de cabin wit' youse sittin' in front of it?" was the significant reply.

Griffith had no answer to make to that question.

He knew he had been asleep at his post, and that the prisoner had taken advantage of the fact.

He jumped ashore and started for an old dwelling of two stories and a half which wore a deserted, unoccupied air.

All the lower windows were boarded up, and the upper ones looked as if they had not been cleaned for years.

The building had probably never been painted since it received its original two coats, and it was hard to say what the color was.

A picket fence surrounded it, enclosing a space of about fifty by a hundred feet, and this was leaning over in places.

The front gate was decidedly wobbly, the bottom hinge being out of business.

Altogether, the habitation wore a disreputable look, like an old man who had gone to seed and lost his self-respect.

Griffith entered the yard, walked up to the stoop and pulled an old-fashioned bell handle.

He heard the jingle of the bell somewhere in the rear.

After a minute or two he heard the footfalls of somebody inside coming to the door.

A key was turned in the lock and the door thrown open.

A well-dressed man stood in the opening.

It was Broker Jackson.

This was his hiding place from the New York police.

Here his particular and trusted friends visited him and received his orders.

They brought him money from the office, which was being run by his cashier in good shape.

One of his friends had arranged for the abduction of Ed after that lad had refused to accept a bribe in Jackson's interest.

The idea of fetching the boy to the house on the Point was to try and accomplish by threats what had failed through easier means.

Griffith had not seen Jackson before, and didn't know who he was, but had been directed to deliver Ed to the man he found at the house, who would pay him the larger part of the sum agreed upon for the crooked business.

"You're the gent who wants the boy?" he said to Jackson.

"You have him?"

"Sure we have him."

"He's on that sloop?"

"That's what he is."

"You've got him tied up, I suppose?"

"We did have him tied, but he got loose somehow. We'll tie him again before we bring him to yer."

"See that you make a good job of it, for I don't want any trouble with him."

"We get the money that's comin' to us as soon as we hand him over, don't we?"

"Certainly."

"We'll bring him here right away,"

"Do so. Come in, I want to show you what to do with him." Griffith entered the house, and Jackson took him into a rear furnished room.

"Fetch him in here and tie him to that chair. I'll meet you at the door on your way out and pay you."

That was satisfactory to the tough, and he went back to the sloop.

Ed was pulled out of the forepeak, his arms bound again, and then he was marched over to the house, the door of which stood open.

He was taken into the rear room and tied to the chair.

There the gang of boys left him.

Jackson, who had kept out of sight during those proceedings, paid the leader the money he was looking for, and the bunch returned to the sloop, pushed off and headed back down the river.

Ed easily saw that he had been brought to the disreputable house for some purpose, and he wondered what it was.

He was not kept long in suspense.

He heard steps in the hall, and then Jackson came into the room.

The moment he saw the broker he began to understand the situation.

"Well, young man, I'm glad to see you," said Jackson, pulling up a chair in front of him.

"I can't say that I return the sentiment," replied Ed. "You are the cause of my being brought here."

"I admit it. I wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk with you, and as circumstances prevented my going to you, it was necessary you should come to me."

"You took an outrageous means for accomplishing your purpose."

"The end always justifies the means."

"In your opinion, but not in mine, or in the eyes of the law."

"I'm not worrying about the law as long as I can evade it."

"The law will get you in the end."

"I hope not. I look to you to help me defeat it."

"Then you're looking to the wrong party."

"No, you are the right party. You're the chief corroborative witness. If I can win you over I will be satisfied to face the music."

"You can't win me over. I have already refused the bribe you offered me through one of your friends."

"I know you have. Had you accepted it your presence here this morning would not have been necessary."

"Well, now you've got me here, what's your idea? I don't see what you are going to gain by it."

"We shall see. I am prepared to pay you handsomely for your services. If you won't act reasonably, why, then you must take the consequences."

"What consequences?"

"The consequences of a refusal to act sensibly."

"Whatever the consequences may be, I shall certainly refuse to stand in with you, Mr. Jackson. You committed two unprovoked assaults on a respectable, elderly broker because he had you where the shoe pinched. As I am the chief witness next to the victim himself, your plan is to bribe or intimidate me so that Mr. Ashton's case against you will be weakened enough to let you off easy. There isn't a particle of use of you pushing your scheme, for it won't do you any good."

Ed's resolute attitude made Jackson angry.

"Are you such a fool as to turn down \$2,500 easy money?" he said.

"Yes, under the conditions named."

"We'll see how long you can hold out."

The broker got up, opened the door of a large closet behind Ed, and shoved the boy, chair and all, into it.

Then he closed the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

He went into a small kitchen adjoining the room, cooked his breakfast of ham, eggs and coffee, which he ate with a relish, then he put on his hat and walked out along the shore to consider his plan of operations toward the boy.

He returned to the house in an hour and, going to the closet, unlocked it and opened the door.

He uttered an ejaculation of surprise and consternation.

The closet was empty.

Ed had disappeared, and, astonishing to relate, the chair to which he was bound had vanished with him.

There appeared to be no clue to the mystery.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECRET OF THE CLOSET.

When Jackson slammed the closet door on Ed and locked it, the boy felt the floor tremble under him.

Then he heard a click somewhere in the wall, and immediately he became conscious that he was rising in the air.

He felt sure this was a part of Jackson's plan to bring him to terms.

The closet was dark, of course, so he could see nothing, but he knew from a glimmer of light which appeared over his head that an opening had taken place in the ceiling, and that he was rising through it.

The glimmer of light became more pronounced, and he presently saw that he was rising into another closet on the floor above.

The chair to which he was bound was standing in the center of a wide trap as large as the entire floor of the closet he had just left.

The entire ceiling of the closet had slid out of sight, leaving an equivalent space clear to receive the ascending trap.

As soon as the trap reached the level of the ceiling it came to a rest, and Ed heard another click similar to the one which had started him upward.

"This old rookery appears to be fitted with machinery for producing certain effects," thought the boy. "It isn't likely that Jackson had it put in, for he hasn't been in possession of it long enough; that is, unless he has owned the house for some time prior to his trouble with Mr. Ashton, and equipped it for purposes known only to himself. However that may be, he knows all about the mechanism, and is using it to intimidate me. I don't think he will gain much, for I am determined to foil him. Mr. Ashton is a gentleman, while Jackson is a born rascal."

Ed could not see how the upper closet was lighted, as the illumination, which was clearly daylight, came from behind him.

He guessed it must come through a small window.

There appeared to be no door facing him, nor on either side. As far as he could make out, he was in a walled space the size of the closet below.

Ten minutes passed away and nothing more happened.

"The rascal has sent me up here to get out of the way," thought Ed. "It appears to be a secret hiding place. A gang of crooks would find this a fine place in which to hide their booty from police search. Maybe that is what it was originally put in for. I suppose I must expect to remain here until Jackson makes his next move. I wonder if I can't work myself free and checkmate him?"

Ed lost no time in applying his energies to the problem.

Being doubly tied—that is, his arms were secured behind him with a piece of line, and then his body was tied to the chair with another and longer piece—he saw he had quite a job on his hands.

Believing he had lots of time before him, he went patiently to work to see what he could accomplish by persistent effort.

He remembered the old story of Robert Bruce, the king of Scotland, who, while hiding from his pursuers in the hut of an old peasant woman, occupied his time watching the efforts of a spider trying to swing itself up to one of the walls in order to get a foothold in the construction of a web it wished to spin.

This old yarn, true or not, has been handed down in various bits of literature as illustrating the idea "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Ed was endowed with a full share of the persistence that wins success in the battle of life.

So when he tackled the doubtful job of trying to free himself, he went at it with the vim and determination that spells success.

While he was engaged on it Jackson returned, as we mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, and discovered that both prisoner and chair had unaccountably vanished.

If Ed had been in a position to see the broker at that moment he would have known that Jackson had no hand in his elevation.

The broker was utterly astounded at the state of things.

How could his bound prisoner have gotten out of a locked closet, the key of which was in his (Jackson's) pocket all the time?

That he had done so was evident, since neither he nor the chair was there now.

Jackson did not believe in any such thing as hocus-pokus.

He was too level-headed to consider, even for a moment, that material objects can pass through any substance equally as material, like the walls, floor or ceiling of a room or closet.

As soon as he recovered from his astonishment he began to figure how this strange phenomena had been brought about.

He examined the closet carefully for a clew, but found none.

He pawed the wall all over, but made no discovery.

He examined the floor minutely for a trap, but in vain.

Had he carried his investigation close up against the wall he might have found out something.

He did not reflect that perhaps the entire floor was a trap, the duplicate of the one which had carried his prisoner up out of sight.

Finally, disgusted and puzzled, he slammed the door shut and went down into the cellar to look around.

The banging of the door had the same effect on the concealed spring as before.

Ed heard the slam and, following the concussion, heard the same peculiar click in the wall.

Immediately he felt himself descending to the closet below.

He believed Jackson was bringing him down to have another talk with him.

"Too bad he didn't wait a while," thought the boy. "With a little more time I feel sure I'd free myself."

The trap kept on descending, and at last came to rest in its old spot, and Ed found himself in total darkness again.

He looked to see the closet door open, but it didn't.

After waiting a few minutes he resumed work on his bonds.

In the meantime Jackson went all over the cellar.

He found a large, closed-in space there beneath the closet.

It was bricked up and plastered over.

There appeared to be no access to the interior, and he wondered what it was there for.

Within it was enclosed the machinery that operated the closet trap, but he did not know that.

He continued his investigations to no purpose.

The mystery of his prisoner's disappearance was as much of a mystery as ever.

He returned upstairs again and sat down to think it over.

Ed heard his steps in the room and expected to see him.

He was not disappointed when the broker didn't come.

He kept on working at his bonds.

Half an hour elapsed, and he slowly squeezed one of his hands out of the loop which held both.

That relieved his arms and he drew them out of limbo.

All that remained was to free himself from the chair.

At that moment he heard the harsh jingle of the front door-bell.

Jackson got up and went to the front of the house.

He looked out cautiously to see who was there.

Two of his confidential associates were outside.

He let them in at once.

"Did you get the boy all right?" asked one of them.

"Yes, I got him this morning. He was brought here by a bunch of young toughs on a sloop. I settled with the leader according to the terms you made with him."

"I suppose you've had a talk with your prisoner? Think you can make the riddle?"

"He defied me."

"Oh, he did. I expected he would at first; but now you have him in your power, you ought to be able to force an agreement with him."

"That was my intention, but a most astonishing thing has happened in connection with him."

"How is that?"

"I locked him in a big closet off the sitting-room to try and impress him with an idea of what he was up against."

"Well?"

"An hour and a half later I decided to have another talk with him, and opened the closet door."

"He was as defiant as ever, I suppose?"

"He was not there."

"Not there? Do you mean to say that he got away?"

"I mean to say that he has disappeared."

"He broke out of the closet?"

"No, he didn't."

"How did he get out, then?"

"That is what puzzles me. He was bound to a chair, and I shoved both him and the chair into the closet and turned the key. When I opened the closet he and the chair had vanished completely, leaving not a trace behind."

"You are joking, aren't you?"

"Do I look as though I was?"

"But how could he and the chair as well get out of the closet if you surely locked them in there?"

"That's where the mystery comes in."

"Did you look the closet over for a clew to the matter?"

"I did, in a thorough manner, for I was dumfounded."

"We'll take a look at this mysterious closet. There is certainly a reason for the boy's disappearance."

Jackson and his friends proceeded to the sitting-room and the broker threw open the closet door.

He gave a gasp, for sitting there, just as he had left him, was his prisoner.

CHAPTER IX.

ED ESCAPES.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" ejaculated Jackson, hardly believing the evidence of his eyes.

"Say, what have you been giving us?" asked one of the visitors. "You said the boy had vanished."

"So he did, but he's come back again."

"Get out! That's all nonsense!"

"Where have you been?" the broker asked Ed.

"You ought to know," replied Ed, keeping his hands behind him so that his captor would not get on to the fact that he had freed them.

"I ought to know. I shoved you in here, didn't I?"

"You did."

"When I came back after a while you were not here. Now, where did you go, and how did you manage the trick?"

Ed was sharp-witted, and he saw that Jackson spoke like a man who was puzzled.

Nevertheless, he was sure the broker was making game of him, for surely he must have started the closet mechanism.

How else could it have got in motion?

Jackson's friends looked at Jackson as if they thought he was talking rag-time.

Looking into the roomy closet, they saw no way for the boy, not speaking of the chair, to leave it if the door was locked as the broker asserted.

Then, as they could see with their own eyes, the boy was bound and helpless.

They were both satisfied that the lad had not been out of the closet at all.

It didn't stand to reason that he had been.

They looked at Jackson to see if he was under the influence of liquor.

He showed no signs of it.

"What kind of game is this you're working, anyway, Jackson?" said the visitor who had been doing most of the talking. The broker paid no attention to his remark.

He wanted to get at the bottom of the mystery through the boy.

"Why don't you answer me?" he said, sharply.

"What do you want me to say?" asked Ed, rather puzzled himself at the broker's attitude, which he couldn't understand.

"I want to know how you got out of that closet and then back into it again."

"If you don't know, I can't tell you. You are better acquainted with the workings of this house than I am," answered Ed.

Jackson received his reply with angry impatience.

"There's some secret about that closet, and you have learned what it is," he said. "I want you to explain it."

Ed looked hard at him to see if he could guess what the broker was getting at, but so far as the boy could see he appeared to be in earnest.

"Can it be that he really is ignorant of the mechanical workings of this closet?" Ed asked himself. "If he is I'm not going to enlighten him."

"I can't tell you anything, Mr. Jackson. You shoved me in here and I haven't been out of the chair nor free of these ropes since. I guess you must be joking with me, for it is ridiculous talking about my having been out of this closet. If I had you wouldn't catch me here now, you can bet," said Ed.

"Cut out this funny business, Jackson," said his friend. "The boy is here, as any one can see. What are you going to do to bring him around to your way of thinking?"

Jackson scowled.

"I think we had better talk the matter over, as three heads are better than one," he said.

"We are ready to help you out if we can."

"Come on, then. I guess this young chap can't get away even if he gave me a temporary slip. We'll let him stay where he is. You are witness to the fact that he is now in the closet. Do you want to examine the place before I lock him in again?"

"I see nothing to examine about the closet. I am willing to bet \$1,000 we shall find him here when we look for him."

"Very good," said the broker. "Now, you young rascal, if

you disappear again I'll pull the closet to pieces to find out how you have done it."

With those words Jackson slammed and locked the door.

Again the floor shook under Ed, once more he heard the mysterious click in the wall, and for the second time he felt himself rising ceilingward.

"This is a regular farce comedy," he chuckled. "Jackson is working this to get my goat. The slamming of the door releases the spring. If he didn't do that intentionally, why should he do it twice. He might just as well have closed the door with less muscular effort. I am glad he has left me alone for a while. It will give me time to cut myself loose from the chair. When he brings me down again I'll give the three of them the surprise of their lives by jumping out and making a break for freedom."

The trap came to a rest at the top of the closet as before.

Ed put his right hand into his pocket, pulled out his pocket-knife and quickly freed himself from the chair.

He stood up and looked around the place.

Then he saw that a narrow slit under the eaves of the house admitted the light of day.

On one of the walls he saw a small, round brass disc.

He felt of it and mechanically pushed it.

Immediately a small door slid back and revealed an opening.

Ed looked out of it and saw a narrow landing and a flight of spiral stairs.

"Here's where I'm going to give the bunch the slip, if I can," he said.

He stepped outside.

Then it occurred to him to pull the chair out, with the ropes.

There was just space enough for him to do it.

The sliding door shot back into its place.

Another narrow window lighted the landing and staircase.

Leaving the chair on the landing, Ed, without any idea where the stairs would take him, began the ticklish descent, which wound around inside a brick tube, like a narrow well.

Down, down through the dense darkness he went, carefully feeling his way from step to step.

The descent seemed interminable.

He reached the bottom at last and struck a match to see where he was.

He found himself in a small compartment almost filled with a drum, around which was wound steel cables, four of them, running to the upper four corners, whence they disappeared up holes.

A brief inspection of the machinery showed Ed that it was built to operate both ways.

It was automatic in its working.

The cables were now wound around the drum, showing that the floor trap was up.

Ed touched a hand lever, connected with a wire, and it yielded to his touch.

At once the drum began to move and the cables to unwind.

The floor trap was descending.

Ed couldn't see it come down, but he believed it was descending.

He got proof in a few minutes when the ceiling over the machinery slipped wholly aside and the opening thus made was presently filled by the trap sinking into place.

"It's a great scheme," thought the boy. "I wonder why it was put into this old house?"

That fact, however, did not interest him so much as the desire to escape from where he now was, evidently the cellar of the house.

He looked around for a door, and saw a narrow one fitted to the brick wall.

There was a large brass disc beside it.

This he pushed, and the door opened outward, admitting him into a brick arched tunnel only large enough for one to crawl through.

Ed hesitated about trusting himself to it, for it looked doubtful as an exit.

It was the only way to leave the little enclosure, and so the boy was forced to avail himself of it.

Hoping that good luck would attend him, he crawled in and the door clicked behind him.

"If the exit should happen to be closed up, I'll be in a nice fix," he thought. "However, I've got to chance it."

The tunnel went on fifty feet, and then Ed saw a glimmer of light ahead.

He pushed on with renewed courage and reached a point where the tunnel was lightly covered by vegetation.

Pushing that aside, he looked out on the waters of the East

River close to the Point, where he had been landed from the sloop.

Below him was a narrow piece of beach.

The tunnel ended in the side of a twelve-foot bluff.

Ed couldn't turn around, so he had to get out head first.

The drop was only about a yard, so he stood little danger of hurting himself.

The end of the tunnel looked like a drain from the house.

No one would have supposed it was anything else.

It didn't take Ed long to get out and stand up, a free boy.

As he wanted to get away from the neighborhood as soon as he could, he started off along the narrow beach in the direction opposite to the Point.

He soon found a spot where he could reach the top of the bluff.

He climbed up, but as the house was not far away, he decided to keep to the shore until he got far enough to avoid recognition in case one of the men was looking out of a window in that direction.

Ten minutes later he took to the bluff again, satisfied he was safe.

He started at a rapid pace across the country.

He believed he had a long walk before him.

Now that he had no further anxiety about his safety, he began to feel the sensation of hunger, for he had eaten nothing since his supper the evening before.

The sun, not a bright one, indicated that the hour was past noon.

Twenty minutes later he reached the first house and ventured to make inquiries about the locality he was in.

As he believed, he was away over on the east side of the Bronx.

He got his bearings and pushed on.

An hour later he ran across a small restaurant.

It was a welcome sight, and he entered the place.

He got outside a forty-cent meal and resumed his way feeling much better.

It was about four when he finally got home.

Joe Billings had long since got away from the police station, after convincing the captain that he and his friend had been the victims of a hold-up.

Supposing Ed had made his escape, he did not go to his house till after dinner, and then he learned that Ed had not been home all night, and was still away.

The story he told sent Mr. Brown to the nearest police station, with Joe, to report the matter.

The desk man entered the complaint in the blotter, and promised to have it attended to.

What the police actually did in the case was never learned.

Ed's sister was overjoyed when he entered the house.

He was telling his story when his brother-in-law returned.

After finishing his story Ed hurried to the police station to report his return and to inform the captain where Broker Jackson, wanted down at Headquarters, was hiding.

Having performed that duty, he went around to call on Joe and tell him what he had been through, and make it clear to that lad that the hold-up was a put-up job, directed wholly against himself.

CHAPTER X.

SPRINGING HIS TRAP.

When Ed started downtown next morning he looked in his paper to see if there was any mention of his abduction, and to see if Jackson had been caught.

There wasn't a word about either.

That left him in doubt as to whether the police had acted on his tip as to Jackson's whereabouts.

That afternoon he called at Mr. Ashton's office and told his story to that gentleman.

The broker was astonished.

He immediately called up Police Headquarters and asked what had been done toward catching Jackson.

As far as he could learn nothing had been done.

He was indignant that the police should let Ed's pointer slip, and he demanded that detectives be sent to the old house on the shore of the Bronx.

The officer promised the matter would be attended to.

Whatever was done, Jackson was not caught.

Doubtless when he and his friends found Ed had escaped, they deemed it advisable to make a change of base.

Shortly afterward Mr. Denton handed Ed another batch of envelopes to deliver after office hours.

Most of them were addressed to the same gentlemen he had waited on before.

"There is going to be another syndicate operation," he thought. "I wish I could find out what's on the hooks this time."

In the board-room, as Ed called Room 410, was a cabinet of drawers, standing beside a ticker.

A similar cabinet stood against one of the other walls.

When Ed came back and reported that he had delivered all the notes and that the recipients had said "All right" to him, Mr. Denton handed him a bundle and told him to put it in the top drawer of the cabinet outside.

Ed forgot to ask which cabinet.

He went to the one near the ticker and tried to open the top drawer, but it was shut tight.

"It must be locked," he said, laying his hand on the top and bending down to look at the keyhole.

He accidentally pulled against the molding of the top, and it yielded.

Wondering if that was the way to reach the top drawer, he pushed the cover up and discovered, to his surprise, that the cabinet was simply a hollow box, built to represent a chest of drawers.

"Gee!" muttered Ed. "This is a great bluff. I wonder what it is used for?"

Then his eyes rested on the other cabinet.

He went over to it, tried the top drawer, and pulled it out.

This cabinet was a regular one, and he dropped the package into it.

His curiosity induced him to return to the fake cabinet and look at it again.

"This would be a fine hiding place," he thought. "I wonder if it is ever used for that purpose?"

Then he noticed that the ticker was silent, and had not clicked since he came into the room.

The tape hung motionless from the brass mechanism, and some of it lay in the basket under the slit in the glass cover.

He pulled up about a yard to see what quotations were on it.

There wasn't a mark of any kind on the tape.

"I guess the machine is out of order," he thought.

He opened the door to look at the machinery.

There was no machinery inside, but instead there was a telephone outfit.

Ed judged that it was a private wire from some place, so he shut up the door.

Then he thought he would get into the bogus cabinet and see what kind of a hiding place it was.

On the spur of the moment he did so.

Just as he pulled the cover down over his head his boss entered the room.

"Gee! I'll be fired if he catches me in here," thought the boy. "I must wait till he goes back into his room."

Mr. Denton walked straight over to the ticker, opened the door and took out the receiver, which he put to his ear.

"Yes, it's me, Denton," Ed heard him say. "We are going to have a meeting at five o'clock. Have you got anything further to say about L. & B.?"

Ed couldn't hear the reply, but he heard Denton say: "You are sure the agreement to take over the property of the Easterly Navigation Co. has been signed?"

The reply was evidently "Yes," for Denton said "Good. The Navigation stock is certain to jump all of thirty points. We will corral the majority of it and divide the melon. I will put all the facts before our syndicate this afternoon, and I will be authorized to start in buying to-morrow. What's that? This is the office of Wall Street secrets? Ha, ha, ha! I should say it is. We cut half the melons in the Street here. This Navigation Co. is a rich prize. As soon as we have put the price up the syndicate will be formed to take over the Navigation Co. stock at a figure that will net us several millions. The L. & B. stockholders will come out at the small end, but then that is their funeral. The road is rich and can stand it. The directors can issue another batch of bonds, you know. It's the old story, ha, ha, ha! Good-by."

Denton hung up the receiver and went back into his room.

Ed then took advantage of his chance to get back to his desk, put on his hat and start for home, quite satisfied he had captured another good tip on which he could rely to increase his little capital.

At the supper table that evening Ed told his sister and brother-in-law that he had come into possession of another gilt-edged tip.

"You're lucky," said Brown. "I suppose you'll buy a motor car with the profits of this deal."

"Not much. What would I do with a motor car?"

"Take your best girl out riding on Saturday and Sunday," grinned his brother-in-law.

"I haven't got a best girl. Motor cars are expensive luxuries. None for me till I'm worth a bunch of money."

"How much do you expect to make out of this new tip?"

"Anywhere from \$3,000 to \$5,000."

"You're a hummer. You talk about making thousands as I would of single dollars. If all Wall Street errand boys had your luck I don't know what would happen down there. I don't see how you pick up such good tips."

"Well, you see I have a hunch on a place where they keep Wall Street secrets on tap. That's where I got the present one."

"What is it about?"

"A certain big railroad company has arranged to take over the property and franchise of a Navigation Co. The deal has been put through on the quiet, as is customary in such matters. Somebody, however, has given the tip out to the members of a wealthy syndicate. The syndicate will immediately take advantage of the inside news to buy up all the stock of the Navigation Co. that is floating around. As soon as the deal made by the railroad company becomes public, the Navigation Co. stock, which is selling low, because the company has lately been losing money owing to the opposition it has been up against from the railroad, will advance. The syndicate will probably be in a position to push it still higher. If I buy 300 shares of it to-morrow at 35, which is its present market price, and it jumps to 50 in a week or two, I'll stand to make nearly \$3,000. That's the whole thing in a nutshell," explained Ed.

"It gets me how you can find out these things," said Brown, scratching his ear.

"Well, you don't want to worry over it," laughed Ed, as he left the table.

Next day Ed bought the 300 shares of the Navigation Co. at 35, at the little bank, and then awaited results.

That afternoon Mr. Denton sent him over to Jersey City with a note to a mining broker.

On his way back he sat behind two men on the ferryboat.

They were strangers to him, and he paid no attention to them until he heard one of them mention his name, then he was all attention.

He found they were friends of Jackson, who was now hiding in New Jersey somewhere.

They talked over a scheme for getting the errand boy into Jackson's power again.

Their plan was to call at Denton's office about closing time on Saturday, get Ed into conversation until the bookkeeper and the stenographer had gone away, then suddenly attack him and drug him.

They would then take him down to the cab at the curb and carry him across the river and deliver him to Jackson.

It looked easy to them, but they would have thought differently had they known that their intended victim was seated behind them taking in all the details of the scheme.

Ed determined to thwart their little project in a way that would rather surprise them, and he laid his plan accordingly.

He told Mr. Denton what he had learned on the ferryboat, and asked permission to have a detective on hand to arrest the men.

His employer, who knew that he was an important witness against Jackson, and who had also heard what the boy had been up against in the old house on the Bronx shore, told him to go ahead, and so Ed called at Police Headquarters and arranged to have an officer call at the office about half-past eleven on Saturday.

Accordingly, the detective assigned to the case made his appearance at the time stated, and Ed took him into Room 310.

He showed him the fake cabinet of drawers.

"The men will enter by the outer office. I will be on the watch for them. When I give you the sign you must conceal yourself in that cabinet. I will then invite the visitors in here. The moment they start to grab me I'll shout 'Help!' That will be your signal to show yourself and arrest them. Get me?"

"Yes," nodded the sleuth.

The expected conspirators did not make their appearance until the stroke of noon.

They came up to the railing in the outer office and asked for Ed.

The bookkeeper sent the stenographer in to the next room to tell the boy that two men were outside waiting to see him.

"I'll come right out," said Ed.

He stepped to the door of Room 310 and gave the detective the word to hide himself, which the sleuth did at once.

Then Ed went out to see the men.

"We have called to see you on a matter of some importance," said one of them. "Can we see you alone?"

"Sure," said Ed, cheerfully. "Come right in."

One of the visitors remained outside of the railing to watch for the departure of the bookkeeper and the stenographer, after which he intended to follow his companions in and take part in the attack on the boy.

The other caller followed Ed into Room 310.

"We won't be interrupted here," said the boy. "Now let me hear what you have to say."

"I have called to see you in the interest of Broker Jackson," said the man.

"I had an idea that was the object of your visit, for I don't know you, and could not surmise what other business you could have with me," replied Ed.

"Mr. Jackson is very anxious to reach a settlement in the unfortunate matter in which he is involved."

"I should think he would be. I'm afraid he'll have to face the music, since Mr. Ashton is not inclined to let up on him."

"Mr. Jackson believes that if you would exert your influence with Mr. Ashton, that a satisfactory arrangement could be brought about."

"I have no influence with Mr. Ashton."

"I think you have, for you helped him out of his two predicaments. Naturally he would listen to anything you had to say in Jackson's favor."

"Why should I interest myself in Mr. Jackson, particularly after the way he has treated me? I was abducted to an old house in the Bronx at his instance, and if I hadn't managed to make my escape it is a question what would have happened to me there."

"How did you get away?" the man asked, curiously.

"By taking advantage of my opportunities."

At that juncture the other man walked into the room.

He made a sign to his associate to let him know that everybody was out of the outer office.

The man who had been talking with Ed prepared to rush matters.

He began edging toward the boy, holding his cane in such a way that when he got within striking distance he could swing it against Ed's head.

His companion edged around from the door so as to take the boy in the rear.

Ed saw what their tactics were.

"Don't come any nearer," he said to the first visitor.

The man made a rush at Ed, but the boy shouted "Help!" Instantly the top of the cabinet flew up and the detective appeared, gripping a revolver.

Up went the man's hands.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled in affright.

CHAPTER XI.

ED IS PRESENTED WITH SOME MINING STOCK.

Ed laughed at the man's trepidation.

Then he saw that the other visitor was trying to reach the door in a cautious way, so he stepped across himself and cut off his retreat.

"Now then," said the sleuth, "what's your little game, gents?"

"Game!" sputtered the man with the cane. "What do you mean? Why are you intimidating us? What have we done? We called to have a private talk with this boy. What right have you to interfere?"

"You two came here to assault the boy, drug him and take him across the river to New Jersey."

"Ridiculous!" said the visitor.

"It's the truth," said Ed. "I heard you two discussing your scheme on the ferryboat three days ago. I was sitting behind you. I heard all you said, and arranged this little surprise for your benefit."

The visitor protested that Ed was mistaken, but the boy told him he wasn't.

"Do you want these men pulled in?" asked the officer.

"No. We couldn't prove anything against them. The assault they intended making was nipped in the bud by your sudden appearance. You can go, gentlemen, but remember if you make another attempt to get me, you'll find me just as much on my guard, and you may not get off so easily. There's the door."

The callers sneaked out as fast as they could go and took their way toward the Cortlandt street ferry.

Ed dismissed the officer with a gratuity, and went to lunch. On Monday afternoon the errand boy called on Mr. Ashton to

acquaint him with the latest effort on Jackson's part to get hold of him.

"That man is mighty persistent," said the broker.

"He is, but it won't do him any good. Are you still determined to push him for the two assaults?"

"Most decidedly, though it's keeping me out of the money he owes me, which is a considerable sum. Still, if he approached me in the right spirit, and agreed to settle up on the plan we originally agreed upon, and I felt I could trust him, I might withdraw the charge of assault. He has made me offers through his friends, but they have not been satisfactory to me."

"I should think the longer he remained away from his business the worse it would be for him," said Ed.

"He is running his office with the aid of his friends and his cashier."

"That isn't the same as running it himself."

"No, but he manages to pull out."

"He is hiding over in New Jersey now. Why couldn't you get the police there to smoke him out?"

"He'd fight extradition proceedings and give a lot of trouble."

"But you'd get him in the end."

"I'd rather let things take their course. When he gets tired of remaining under cover he may make an offer I will accept. By the way, Ed, I'd like to make you a present of a block of mining stock. It isn't worth a whole lot now, but it might pan out some day. I took it at a loss in partial settlement of a debt, and I'd rather give it to you than try and find a lawyer."

"What's the name of the mine?"

"Yellow Dog."

"I wonder how the owners came to call a mine by such a name?"

"It's hard to say. It isn't the only odd name you'll find in the mining list," said the broker, getting up and going to his private safe.

He pulled out a bundle and carried it to his desk.

"There are 20,000 shares here. The market value of the batch is not over \$800, according to the Goldfield quotations, but the most I have been offered for the stock is \$500. There is no demand for it in bulk. You might be able to sell 1,000 shares for \$40, but nobody is looking for a larger quantity. I'll get it transferred to your name, and send it to you. You can put it away in your trunk, and possibly some day you might make something out of it."

Ed thanked the broker, and soon after took his leave.

Two days later he got the Yellow Dog certificates made out in his name.

He showed them to his brother-in-law.

"What did you give for them? You have a lot."

"Nothing," answered Ed.

"You couldn't have given less. Aren't they worth anything?"

"Yes, they're worth something. According to Western quotations the block is worth \$750, but the trouble is to find a purchaser. Mr. Ashton presented the stock to me and told me it might become valuable in the course of time, though I guess he isn't very optimistic about it. He told me to lock it up in my trunk and forget about it."

"Mining stock, as a rule, isn't a very good investment, I've heard."

"Some mining stock is valuable, and people who bought it when it was down to bedrock at the start, before the mine began to realize the hopes of its promoters, made a bunch of money—provided they held on to it. I can give you an instance. In 1871 two young men were working side by side, each earning \$3 a day. Out of their hard earnings each of them had saved \$1,000, which they deposited in a bank. One day a gentleman tried to persuade them to buy some stock in the Calumet and Hecla Mining Co. One refused to purchase, preferring to have his money in the bank, where it was earning 5 per cent. interest a year. The other young man investigated the mining company, was satisfied it was in the hands of honest people, and bought 1,000 shares (par value \$25 a share) for \$1 a share. He is still a stockholder, and his shares are worth \$650 each, or \$650,000. In addition, he has received in about thirty years over \$850,000 in dividends. His original \$1,000 investment has turned him in \$1,500,000. How is that?"

"Sounds like a fairy story," said Brown.

"I'll admit it does, but nevertheless it is an actual fact. You've heard about the Cripple Creek mining district?"

"Oh, yes."

"Gold there was discovered and developed by artisans, merchants, and men of small means. One of them, a man named Stratton, was a carpenter. He spent his time in the hills as long as his savings lasted, and when his money was exhausted

he went back to work at his trade to earn another stake. He owned the Independence mine, and he ultimately sold it for \$11,000,000 to a big corporation. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Reads like a beautiful pipe dream," said Brown.

"And yet it's a fact beyond question. I might mention a few more such cases, but what's the use?"

"Maybe this Yellow Dog stock might make your fortune in the same way?" said Brown, with a sly grin.

"It might, but the chances are it won't. If I make my fortune it will come out of the Wall Street market, provided I get hold of tips enough like the one I have just gone the limit on."

"Have you put all your money up on it?"

"I have."

"You know your business, but it isn't me that would take such a risk."

At that moment they were called to supper, and that ended the talk on the subject of mines and speculation in general.

A week later the news came out about the Easterly Navigation Co. having been acquired by the L. & B. road.

The speculative traders made a rush to buy the former stock.

They found it was scarcer than hen's teeth.

The syndicate members and others on the inside had bought it all up; that is, what was not held by the people who turned the control over to the railroad.

The price jumped to 40, then 45, and finally to 50, which was the par value.

Ed sold his 300 shares at that price, making a profit of \$4,500.

After the bank settled with him he found he was worth \$7,700.

"How does that hit you?" he asked his brother-in-law.

"You'll be a millionaire if you keep on," said Brown.

"It will take some time."

Ed bought his sister a new outfit—hat, gown and shoes, and his brother-in-law a new suit of clothes.

He gave them sundry presents besides, and they declared there was nothing stingy about him.

"Well, I can afford it," said Ed. "In the course of time, if I make enough, I may present you with a house, and then you will be able to bounce the landlord."

"Thanks," laughed his sister, who hoped such a thing would come to pass.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VANISHING OF BROKER ASHTON.

A month passed away, and then Ed was sent the rounds again with another bunch of envelopes addressed to the members of the syndicate.

That told the boy there was something new on the tapis, and he wondered how he could find the facts out.

The only way was to take the chance of hiding himself in the false cabinet.

If he was caught he knew that would be the last of his fine job.

Still he was awfully eager to get next to another of the office secrets.

They were sure winners, and that is what he was looking for.

He knew how risky ordinary speculation was, and the more money he had the less he wanted to lose any of it.

When he returned and reported that he had delivered all the notes, Mr. Denton told him he could go home.

Instead of doing so he hid his hat and overcoat behind his desk and got into the cabinet, the top of which he kept open with a piece of lead pencil.

Here he remained cooped up like the robbers in the oil jars in the story of the "Forty Thieves" for an hour before anything happened to vary the monotony of his confinement.

Then the members of the syndicate began to arrive, singly and in pairs, until a dozen plutocrats were assembled around the table in the board-room.

Mr. Denton remained in his private room until the gathering was complete, when he took his seat at the head of the table and called the meeting to order.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have summoned you here at the request of Mr. Goldbug, who has an important proposition to submit to you."

The speaker nodded at the gentleman in question, and Mr. Goldbug, a pompous-looking man, reputed to be worth several millions, and who looked it, got up, cleared his throat and proceeded to disclose what he had on his mind.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have been watching L. & P. for some time. For some reason I was unable to fathom, it has steadily declined, until now it is fully twelve points below its normal rating as a good railroad stock. Of course, I investigated, but the results were not satisfactory. This morning, however, I learned that the decline was due to the efforts of the Barnum clique to gain control of the road. They have failed, and their next move will be to try and push the price back again and unload what they have acquired. I think we can prevent that by selling them the stock as fast as they offer to buy. In that way we can keep the price down, and as we can command five times the money the Barnum clique has, we should easily beat them out and finally compel them to unload at rock bottom figures. After that we will boost the price and cash in at a big profit."

After the pompous man had expressed himself, the matter was argued pro and con, and the risks of the game fully threshed out.

It was decided that the Barnum crowd had worked themselves into a tight hole where the Denton syndicate, with its almost unlimited resources, could squeeze them dry, and as there was no sentiment in Wall Street, it was resolved to do up the clique and cut another melon at the proper moment.

All the details were gone into, and then the meeting broke up about half-past six, and those present took their departure, ignorant of the fact that they had had an eager listener to all that had transpired in the room.

As soon as Ed was satisfied he was alone in the rooms he got out of the cabinet, and beat it for home.

Until the syndicate had pushed the Barnum clique to the wall there was nothing in it for the boy.

There would surely be another meeting when that fact had been accomplished, and he resolved to be on hand to learn the second part of the game.

Ed watched L. & P., and saw that from day to day a great deal of business was done in it.

The fact that the price remained down indicated that the Denton syndicate was holding its own very nicely.

At the end of a week Ed was sent on the rounds again, and he knew a meeting would be held that afternoon in Room 310.

Disposing of his hat and coat as before, he hid himself in the cabinet.

The members of the syndicate turned up in due time, and the second meeting was held, during which Ed learned that the Barnum crowd had that day disposed of its holdings to the representative of the syndicate, and were now out of it.

All that remained was to boom the stock and unload at the best price.

The general plan of doing this was agreed upon and the meeting broke up early.

Ed now felt that the time had come when he could safely get in on the game.

Accordingly, next day, he bought 700 shares of L. & P. at the market price, which was 75.

This time he expected to clean up \$10,000, perhaps more.

As he hadn't been near Mr. Ashton for about six weeks he thought he would call on the gentleman that afternoon.

On his way over to Hanover street he bought a paper and looked casually at the news on the first page.

The first scare heading he looked at ran as follows:

"Mysterious Disappearance of a Wall Street Broker."

From what followed he saw that the man who had vanished was Mr. Ashton.

"That's Jackson's work," ejaculated Ed. "No doubt he's been angling for Mr. Ashton for some time, and now he's got him. I must read the facts and then see if I can't do something to queer that rascal's game."

He read all the newspapers printed, then he went on to Mr. Ashton's office to make further inquiries.

The bookkeeper and cashier, who was in charge in the absence of the broker, told Ed that Mr. Ashton had not been at the office for several days.

He had gone home as usual the preceding Tuesday, had his dinner, and then went out to his club to spend the evening, as was his occasional practice.

He did not return home, and his wife and family naturally became worried when they could obtain no trace of his movements after leaving his club on the evening in question to return home.

The police were notified, but at first were requested to keep the matter from the newspapers.

The broker's continued unexplained absence finally led to the matter becoming public, and that's how the matter now stood.

Ed then intimated that he believed Jackson was at the bot-

tom of Mr. Ashton's disappearance, and as Jackson was understood to be hiding somewhere in New Jersey, that was where the police ought to press its investigations.

The cashier said there might be something in the boy's suspicion, and said he would see the authorities about it.

After some further talk, Ed went home.

As Ed had no clew to Jackson's whereabouts, he did not see what he could do, but he did not give up hopes.

He was interested in the broker, who had acted in a very friendly way toward him since they became acquainted, and he wanted to help him, as well as to defeat the plans of Jackson, who had handled him without gloves because he sided with Mr. Ashton.

Next morning's papers not only contained a rehash of the story of Mr. Ashton's disappearance, but contained a paragraph that gave Ed a start of surprise.

Broker Jackson had turned up in the city and surrendered himself to the police.

"He has either heard of Mr. Ashton's vanishing, or knows all about the matter," muttered the boy. "Now that the gentleman is out of the way, and can't appear against him in court, he feels safe in showing himself. I'll bet he has abducted his accuser and has him imprisoned somewhere over in New Jersey. While he is trying to work the squeeze game on him, he is taking advantage of his absence to make a play to have the case squashed. I must notify the police that I am ready to appear against him as a witness. I will do all I can to block his new game. Of course, he can't be indicted until Mr. Ashton reappears to press his charges, but I should think he could be held on the original warrant, particularly when I hint about the scheme that, in my opinion, he is working."

So when Ed reached his office, which he always did fifteen minutes before the bookkeeper and the stenographer made their appearance, he called up Headquarters and had a talk with the officer at the end of the wire.

He was told that Jackson was to appear in the police court that morning, and that he had been in communication with the District Attorney's office.

Ed then called up that office and had a talk with one of the clerks.

After some delay he was requested to call there right away.

By that time the bookkeeper came, and Ed told him he'd like to get off long enough to attend to the case of Jackson, who had given himself up to the authorities.

The bookkeeper said he had better wait till Mr. Denton arrived.

As the boss was expected soon, Ed waited.

When Mr. Denton came the errand boy made his request.

He got permission to go off, so he hurried up to the District Attorney's office.

He secured an interview with one of the assistant attorneys, and as a result that man was directed to go to court with Ed and have the case continued.

When they reached the court, Jackson, who was out on bail, was on hand with his lawyer.

When the case was called the lawyer moved that charges against his client be dismissed.

Then the assistant attorney got up and said that in view of the absence of complainant, he wished the case continued, pending that gentleman's return.

The magistrate so ordered it, and Jackson was allowed to go on his bail bond.

Ed was not called on to say anything, and went back to his office.

That afternoon he hung around Jackson's office till the broker left.

Then he shadowed him uptown to his bachelor apartments, and subsequently to the hotel where he dined.

Here Jackson met one of the men Ed had seen in the old house in the Bronx the Sunday morning he was a prisoner there.

After dinner the pair went to a well-known sporting resort, where they met another well-dressed man.

The three retired to a private room, and Ed followed them.

He sneaked into one of the adjoining rooms, thinking he might overhear what they said through the wall, but this proved out of the question.

The wall was too solid for the sound of voices to penetrate through it.

The room Ed was in had a window opening on a well, lighted in the daytime by a skylight on the roof.

There was another skylight below, as the resort was on the second floor.

Opening the window, Ed looked out and saw that the next

room where the three men were had a similar window, as had also the third room beyond.

The top and the bottom of the middle window was open for ventilation.

Ed pushed his own window up all the way and swung himself out, holding on by one leg and one hand.

He could now hear what passed in the room where Jackson and his friends were.

The men were holding a conference about the situation.

Jackson said that owing to the action of the public prosecutor it would be necessary to force matters to a conclusion with Mr. Ashton, in default of which it would be necessary to hold him a prisoner indefinitely.

"Now that we've got him where he can't make his escape," said Jackson, "I think I can force him to come to terms. He is a very stubborn old chap, but if I can make it clear to him that he will never get back to his family until he gives in, and that persistent defiance may end in his death, I hope to win out. Of course, I have no intention of causing his death—I am not a murderer—but we may be able to impress him with the idea that his body might find its way to the morgue unless he agrees to our terms. I am willing to pay him half of the money I owe him if he will call everything off, and under the circumstances I think half a loaf in his case is better than no bread at all."

"It will pay him to come to the scratch," said one of the broker's friends. "Whatever you pay him will be clear profit."

"Of course it will, but he wants it all. The best he would agree to is a full settlement, which, of course, I can't make without going to the wall. He told me yesterday morning that if it wasn't for the feelings of his family over his disappearance, he'd see me further than the end of the world before he'd make any terms at all with me," said Jackson.

"You will have to turn the screws on him, even if it is a bluff. Now that you have returned to the city, and are under bonds, the police will not connect Ashton's disappearance with you. They are hunting for him, of course, but without a clew they are not likely to find out where he is."

"You think it is safe to keep him at the place you had the boy?" said the other man.

"Certainly, or I wouldn't do it. When the boy escaped he notified the police, as I expected he would, and they searched the house. Of course they did not find me there, for I took care by the forelock and made myself scarce. The boy's mysterious escape bothered me not a little till I ventured back here and made a thorough investigation of the building. When I found out the secret, as I explained it to you both, of the movable floor of the closet. The boy apparently did not make any mention of it to the authorities. How he got on to its workings I can't say. I think the slamming of the closet door released the mechanism. In fact, I am sure of it, for I tried it and found that when the door was shut with some violence the trap floor started up or down, as the case might be. The boy finally left the house by way of the tunnel off the room where the machinery is. To prevent him, or anybody else, re-entering the house that way, I got some material and plastered it up at the end. Every day I have made it my business to see that the opening has not been tampered with. I have also plastered up the other end near the sliding door, so I consider that exit out of business."

"Where do you keep the old man?"

"In the cellar, where Benson and myself prepared the wood bin for his reception."

"If the police suddenly descended on the place they'd find him, wouldn't they?"

"Benson is always on guard. If anybody tried to get into the house he will remove Ashton to the secret closet and send him up into the hidden compartment on the floor above. Then he could safely defy any search."

"Unless the boy was with the police."

"I am not looking for him to interfere. I have had him steadily shadowed, and find that he is attending to his own affairs."

"When are you going to see your prisoner again?"

"Not until Saturday night. I want to give him time to digest my last proposition. If he yields he will be with his family again on Sunday."

"And if he doesn't?"

"I shall proceed to turn the screws a bit tighter."

"Well, I wish you luck. Shall we ring for drinks or shall we go to the bar and then walk up to Cassidy's?"

"We'll make a start, for I've nothing further to say on the subject that brought us in here," said Jackson.

The three men got up and leisurely left the room.

Ed waited till they were out of the way, and then followed.

CHAPTER XIII.

ED'S TICKLISH VENTURE.

"So, Mr. Ashton is held a prisoner up in that Bronx house?" said Ed to himself. "All I have to do to put a spoke in Jackson's wheel is to notify the police and accompany them there. Then Jackson will find himself over his head in the soup tureen. It is now nine o'clock. I haven't had anything to eat yet, so I guess I'll go to supper."

Ed entered a restaurant and ordered a sirloin steak, fried potatoes, coffee and some rice pudding.

After he had got outside of that meal he felt more comfortable.

He took a car downtown, and getting off at Bleecker street, made his way to No. 300 Mulberry street, where Police Headquarters then was situated.

After some delay and trouble he succeeded in securing an interview with the assistant to the Chief of Detectives, and to that person he told his story.

The man was not inclined to put much stock in the boy's tale.

He regarded Ed as one of those amateur detectives who imagine they are of some importance, or that their alleged information is.

The boy's yarn looked fishy to him.

It sounded like a chapter from a boy detective story.

It was quite possible that Ed had shadowed the three men to the sporty resort, but that he was able to find a convenient window to lean out of, from which he was able to hear all that passed between the three men in question, was, in his estimation, all moonshine, particularly as the conversation turned on the very matter the amateur sleuth wanted to learn about.

If the boy had ordered the scene set, and the subject matter of the talk in advance, things couldn't have turned out better.

Real detectives don't find their work so nicely cut and dried for them; if they did, what a cinch they would have.

The officer cross-examined Ed sharply, but the lad stuck to his story.

"Well, I'll make a note of your information and submit it to the chief in the morning," said the officer. "I'll take your name and address."

"Aren't you going to do anything to-night about releasing Mr. Ashton?" said Ed.

"Nothing can be done till the chief passes on the matter."

"I don't see any use of wasting time. Consider the gentleman's feelings, and the feelings of his family."

"Young man, we don't want any dictation from you. Go home and sleep it off."

"Sleep what off?"

"That big head you've got."

"Thank you for the suggestion. I'll do better. Since you won't send a man with me, I'll go up to that house myself and release the gentleman if I can. It is more than a boy's work, but I'm not afraid to tackle it."

"Go by all means. If you capture the entire crowd let me know, and I'll have a leather medal made expressly for you. Perhaps the chief will offer you a place on the force. If he doesn't you might start a private detective agency on your own hook. There's money in it—to get."

Ed felt thoroughly disgusted when he walked out of the building with the green lamp over the door.

The officer had treated him with very little consideration, and he was mad.

It was no fool errand he had decided upon.

It would take him several hours to get to that old house, even if he did not miss his way in the dark.

He would have to try and retrace his steps over the ground he had passed over that Sunday afternoon in making his escape.

He remembered it was a long walk, and he was pretty sure he would have to do some hunting before he reached his destination.

Then after he got there, how was he going to get into the house?

Backed by the authority of a real detective, he had counted on forcing an entrance, and then he expected to find the broker hidden in the space above the closet.

Thrown on his own resources, he wasn't over-confident of results.

Ed, however, wasn't a boy to be discouraged by difficulties.

The refusal of the police to act made him all the more determined to step into the breach himself.

"If I succeed in rescuing Mr. Ashton I'll show the police up to the newspaper men," he thought. "The press will rap the detective department, and that big stuff who put on airs to me will find something to ponder over. Maybe the chief will pull him over the coals. He'll deserve it."

Ed decided to go home first and tell his sister that he had business that would keep him out all night, then she wouldn't worry over his absence.

So he boarded a Third avenue train at Bleecker street and the Bowery, and in due time reached home.

He only remained in the house fifteen minutes, then it struck him to call on Joe and see if he would go with him.

Billings was not home, so Ed started on his enterprise alone.

We will not follow his movements over to the east side of the Bronx.

The tramp was fully as long and as lonesome after he left the beaten tracks as he had anticipated.

The only thing in his favor was that the night was not absolutely dark.

The stars were out, but they were not very bright.

It was around one in the morning when he made out the cold and dark waters of the upper stretch of the East River.

Then a difficulty presented itself.

He did not know whether he was above or below the house he was in search of.

He walked south for at least half an hour without result, and then he decided he was on the wrong tack.

He had to retrace his way and go further on.

He was beginning to realize the strenuous nature of the game he was engaged in when he sighted the Point, and directly afterward the house.

Then it was three o'clock.

"Now that I've got here at last, the next thing is to get in, and without letting the man on duty know anything about it," he said to himself.

The man in question was doubtless asleep, but Ed assumed that he slept with one eye open, in order not to be caught unawares.

All the ground floor windows were boarded up.

The small cellar windows were secured in the same way.

The kitchen was a small ell at the back with a flat roof.

A second story window overlooked it.

Ed, after walking all around the house, glanced at that window.

He could hardly believe that it was not well secured on the inside.

Still he was desirous of reaching it and testing the fact.

He looked around for some means of boosting himself onto the roof of the kitchen.

Investigating an outhouse, he saw several boards.

One of these would smooth the way for him.

So he brought the board and planted it against the side of the kitchen and shinned up.

The window he had aimed for was as tight as wax.

Flashing a match, he saw it was nailed on the inside.

"That settles it. I can't get in here," he said.

There was a window, a small one, under the sloping roof of the half story or attic, but it was far out of reach.

After some deliberation Ed pulled up the board, placed it against the house as close to the window as he could put it, and began shinning up.

There was considerable risk in this, for if the board slipped he stood more than an even chance of taking a header into the yard below, and that would be apt to do him up.

But Ed was full of pluck and resolution.

He was going to get into the house if there was any way of doing it.

He had come too long a distance, and the issue was too important, for him to allow a risk to stump him.

So up he went with reasonable caution, and finally got within arm's length of the little window.

He judged, as it consisted of a single sash, that it worked on hinges.

He pushed against it with no great hopes, and to his great joy the window yielded and opened inward.

Still the worst of the job was before him.

He had to grab the sill, swing off the plank and pull himself inside.

If his muscles failed him there was no regaining the plank.

He would hang thirty feet or more in the air, with the hard yard below.

Did Ed hesitate at this grave risk?

Not a bit of it.

He was game to the core.

He secured a good hold on the window and swung off the plank.

Then he shoved his arms inside and got a firmer grip.

His head and shoulders rose and he hunched them inside.

Then he did some scrambling, and success rewarded him.

He crawled in at the window and was in the house.

Thus he had pulled off his master move.

For ten minutes he sat and rested himself, then he pulled off his shoes, stuck them in the side pockets of his overcoat, and was ready to explore the old house.

Striking a match, he looked around the unfinished place he was in.

It was just an ordinary attic, high in the center where the roof peaked, and grew lower as the roof sloped on either side.

It contained many odds and ends of broken furniture, boxes and so forth, and its full quota of dust, to which could be added dirty, abandoned spider webs.

Ed found his way to the head of the stairs, surrounded on two sides by a common railing to prevent one falling into the chasm.

There was nothing to prevent him reaching the second story, so down he went.

"Now I wonder where the guardian of the house is?" he thought. "Does he sleep up here or on the ground floor? The prisoner is presumed in the cellar. That is where Jackson said he was kept, in the wood bin."

Ed decided to cautiously inspect all the rooms on the second floor.

One of them was furnished as a bedroom, and the bed showed signs of recent occupancy.

"Where was the occupant?"

That was a matter of some importance to the boy.

If he had got up and gone into the cellar to see how the prisoner was, Ed figured that he might run against him in the dark.

In that event there would be something doing.

The match went out and dropped on the floor.

Ed started to leave the room, when suddenly out of the darkness beyond came the sharp challenge: "Who's there? Speak, or I'll shoot!"

The boy was greatly startled, and held his breath.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Ed's situation was decidedly ticklish.

At any moment a bullet might come his way and put an end to his usefulness.

His first idea was to crouch down to avoid the anticipated shot.

His next was to squeeze himself up against the wall of the room.

He followed his second impression.

It was lucky he did so, for the man, believing that the intruder would instinctively crouch to get out of the line of fire, aimed slantingly and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash and a report.

Ed was waiting for the first to show him the position of the man.

The moment it lighted up the corridor outside he saw where the fellow stood.

The man caught a glimpse of him, too, but before he could cover him the boy sprang at him.

Ed struck him with all his weight, clenched him, and the next moment they were rolling on the floor.

The shock had dashed the revolver out of the man's hand, and he lost that advantage.

"Who are you?" roared the man.

Ed wasted no reply on him.

He drew back his arm and struck out at the man's face.

The blow took effect on the point of his jaw, and with a half groan his head fell back and he ceased to struggle.

Ed held on to him, fearing some kind of a 'possum trick, but nothing happened.

Then he let go by degrees.

The man remained perfectly quiet.

The boy struck a match, and the flash showed him that his antagonist was knocked out.

"Good! Now to secure him, and then the way will be clear to Mr. Ashton's rescue."

Ed tore a sheet into strips and tied the man's hands behind his back.

Then he lifted him into a chair and tied him to it.

"I guess that will hold him all right," he said.

He now felt safe to use the lamp he saw standing on the table in the room.

He lighted it and walked downstairs, after putting on his shoes.

Things in the sitting-room where the closet was looked pretty much the same as when Ed was a prisoner in the house.

He didn't stop to view them, but looked around for the stairs leading into the cellar.

He found them in the passage between the sitting-room and the kitchen.

He went down, and with the lamp in the air he hunted for the wood bin.

He saw a door secured by a padlock, in which stuck its key.

He opened it and flashed the light inside.

On a cheap cot lay a figure asleep.

"That sure is Mr. Ashton," thought Ed.

He walked in and let the lamplight fall on the man's face.

It was the broker, sure enough.

Ed grasped him by the arm and shook him into wakefulness.

"Get up, Mr. Ashton," he said.

"Eh! What do you want with me at this hour? Is this some fresh persecution?"

"Get up and look at me, sir. I am Ed Arlington. I have come here to set you free."

"Ed Arlington! Is it possible?" cried the broker, springing up and staring at the boy. "In the name of all that's wonderful, how did you trace me here, and how did you get into this house unknown to the man who is guarding me?"

"I will explain everything on our way back to the populated part of the Bronx. All you need know now is that I have made a prisoner of your jailer, and left him tied in a chair in a room on the second floor. He's safe to stay there until we send the police to arrest him, unless one of his friends should turn up in time to save him. Now let us get away from this house. You must be anxious to get back home, and I shall be glad to get to my home in time to get my breakfast before starting for Wall Street. I will have to go to bed early to-night."

Ed and the delighted broker, who was profuse in expressing his obligations to the plucky Wall Street boy who had undergone so much in his behalf, made their way out of the cellar to the living room upstairs.

"Before we leave do you wish to see how I have fixed your jailer?" asked Ed.

"I do not know that I care to see him," responded Mr. Ashton. "I am anxious to get home as fast as I can and relieve the worry my wife and daughter are suffering on account of my mysterious disappearance."

"Well, I am going up to see how he is getting on," said the boy. "I put him to sleep with a blow on the jaw, but I guess he has come around by this time. I want to make sure he is not likely to get away before the police come here to take charge of him, as I suppose you intend to prosecute him in connection with Jackson. If you don't care to see him, you can wait here till I come back."

"I don't know whether I shall proceed against him or not," said the broker. "I shall be satisfied to put the squeeze on Jackson. I am sick of the whole matter. Jackson, as the cause of all my trouble, must pay the penalty. I am not particularly interested in those who helped him."

Ed went upstairs alone, leaving Mr. Ashton in the dark.

He found the prisoner conscious and fuming over his predicament.

"How do you like being a prisoner yourself?" asked Ed.

The man glared at him.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Nothing, except keep you tied up for the rest of the night," replied the boy. "I have liberated Mr. Ashton, and we are going to leave the house. If he decides to take any steps against you for acting as his jailer, the police will come after you later, otherwise you'll stay here until you are liberated."

Ed locked his bonds over, and feeling satisfied the man was tied to remain so, he wished him good-night and returned downstairs.

Mr. Ashton and his young rescuer then left the house by way of the front door, which they left unlocked.

"We have a long walk before us, Mr. Ashton, but that can't be helped. You are free, and in the course of three hours or less you should be with your family once more."

"I shall never forget the obligations you have put me under, Ed," said the broker, gratefully. "You have proved a good friend in need, and I shall always be your warm friend."

"Say no more about it, sir. I felt it to be my duty to help you out of your scrape, the more so when the Manhattan police, to whom I applied for help, turned me down."

He told the broker about all he had gone through that afternoon.

How he had shadowed Jackson to the sporting resort, and by great good luck learned where he was being held in bondage.

He told of his visit to the police and the reception he received at Headquarters.

His story enlivened the long and tiresome walk westward, and during the last stage of their journey Mr. Ashton talked over how he proposed to treat Jackson.

It was after daylight when they reached an elevated station.

There Ed parted from the broker, promising to call on him that afternoon.

Ed got no sleep that morning, but it didn't really matter much.

He was young and healthy, and could easily miss one night's rest, which he could make up before another sunrise.

While his sister was preparing breakfast and during the meal he told her and his brother-in-law what he had gone through that night in behalf of his friend, the Curb broker.

Brown declared that he had the right stuff in him, and that Mr. Ashton ought to be eternally grateful to him.

That morning Jackson was arrested in his office on the fresh charge of abduction, and when he faced Ashton in the police court he realized that he was up against it in the worst way.

He was released under heavy bail, and returned to his office feeling that his course was run.

As Mr. Ashton suspected that he would jump his bail and flee the jurisdiction of the State, he hired a detective to keep him under watch.

Jackson devoted the week to settling up his affairs with the view of skipping out, never to return.

During that week L. & P. stock was rapidly boomed up to 90.

At that figure Ed sold out, realizing a profit of a little over \$10,000, which raised his capital to \$18,000.

About the middle of the following week Jackson was arrested while in the act of boarding a train for the West.

He was brought up before the magistrate who had admitted him to bail.

The result was he was confined in the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury in relation to the charges pending against him.

In the meantime Mr. Ashton brought a civil suit against him for the money due in the matter which had originally led to all the trouble.

The Grand Jury turned in three indictments against him.

He was tried on the office assault case and convicted.

The judge sentenced him to six years, but he took an appeal which staved off for a while the execution of the sentence.

In the end he had to go to Sing Sing, with the knowledge that he would have to face the other charges when he came out.

The civil suit was tried and went against him.

Mr. Ashton collected a portion of what was coming to him.

About this time Ed carried another batch of notes around to the members of the Denton syndicate.

That afternoon he hid in the cabinet again in order to get onto another tip.

This time he was disappointed, for before the meeting got down to business he was discovered, and a big rumpus ensued.

After giving him a strenuous lay-out, Denton discharged him from his soft job, and so the office of Wall Street secrets knew him no more.

Ed did not worry a whole lot over his discharge.

He called on his friend Ashton and went to work in his office.

Six months later the Yellow Dog mine turned up trumps.

A very rich discovery of ore was found on the property, and the mine took its place among the big producers of the Nevada mining district in which it was situated.

The stock steadily advanced to \$1 a share, and then it went up by degrees to \$3.

Ed received an offer of \$35,000, and later on \$40,000 for his block of shares, which had cost him nothing.

He refused all offers, for the mine had begun paying regular dividends, and the prospects were it would continue to do so for a considerable time to come.

And thus it came about that the Yellow Dog stock proved to be an errand boy's fortune.

Next week's issue will contain "IN THE FILM GAME; OR, THE BOY WHO MADE MOVING PICTURES."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Edward and Adolph Larsen, fishermen, won a desperate fight for life amid the ice floes of Lake Michigan the other day when they were rescued by a wrecking tug and fire-boat. The gasoline launch in which they had ventured out was disabled and crushed in the ice near shore, and the fishermen were thrown into the water. The men managed to climb on a floe and stayed there for several hours until the rescuing vessels smashed a passage through the ice to them.

Only a very small percentage of drunkards and habitual drinkers of alcoholic liquors are curable, and the results of the many institutes in Germany for the treatment of alcoholism have been disappointing, according to a report just issued. Declaring that few of the patients treated stay cured, it noted that out of 732 treated in several institutions only 122 became sober citizens; 74 were sent to insane asylums; 301 refused absolutely to stop drinking; 16 were sent to prisons, and 91 to hospitals.

The white man is no longer free to shoot elephants at his will and pleasure in French West Africa. The Governor has issued severe provisional regulations pending the promulgation of a decree on this subject. Every European who has a regular license to carry arms and who wishes to hunt elephants must make a declaration and pay a tax fixed by the district governors, which must not be less than \$200. This is only good for one year (or less if the decree is issued before the lapse of a year) and only entitles the holder to kill two elephants. Every elephant shot in excess of the two must be declared and paid for at the rate of at least \$100 a head, and not more than five in all may be killed in the year. The spoils of an elephant killed in self-defence must be handed over to the district authority.

The George Walter Vincent Smith art collection, valued at more than \$1,000,000, was deeded to the city of Springfield, Mass., by Mr. Smith and his wife, Belle Townsley Smith. The only stipulations are that the collection shall be open to the public at reasonable hours, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith shall have the right to make substitutions and additions, and that the gift shall be known as the George Walter Vincent Smith Collection. The collection, which ranks as one of the best of its kind in the world, represents the life work of Mr. Smith. It includes ceramics, arms, bronzes, lacquers, paintings, textiles, laces, books, manuscripts, jades, and notable curios. Many of the objects represent the only examples in existence of certain phases of art, and have been unsuccessfully sought for famous collections in both Europe and America.

The little town of Greiz, famous for its tax on bachelors, had a wildly exciting time recently when an American

millionaire arrived suddenly to visit his relatives. He is Huge Eckardt, formerly of Milwaukee, later of Nome. Ten years ago, when he was twenty-four, Eckardt emigrated to America. He became a ropemaker's assistant at Milwaukee and soon afterward went North and tried gold digging in Nome. Between 1908 and 1912 he struck it rich and soon he was employing twenty diggers. Some days he gathered as much as \$500 worth. Last winter he was particularly fortunate, and having collected his winnings, determined to visit his old home. He brought back a number of large nuggets as a guarantee of good faith. Eckardt intends to return to Alaska next summer for one more digging season. Then he will settle permanently in Germany.

Congressman Stephens, of Los Angeles, has evolved a plan for the first commercial cargo passing through the Panama Canal that is at once romantic and practical. He finds it probable that the first merchant vessel to traverse the canal probably will be one of the ships of the Panama steamship line, owned by the United States Government. His idea is to have this vessel loaded at Atlantic ports, with a cargo for the Pacific coast and that the cargo be unloaded at all the chief ports from San Diego to Seattle. Then, for the return trip he would have the vessel loaded with citrus fruits, raisins, and other California and Pacific coast products, to be unloaded at Atlantic coast ports. The matter has been broached to Secretary of War Garrison, and may be worked out as the zealous California congressman plans. Mr. Stephens says of the plan: "This would give a corking illustration of the benefits that will be realized from the operation of the canal."

A sudden outbreak of anti-clerical violence at Ostuni has created a good deal of anxiety in Roman Catholic circles. It did not turn on any question of government or papal authority, but, oddly enough, it arose through an effort on the part of some distinguished priests to put down popular superstitions about a miraculous intervention of heaven in a drought. For a long time the inhabitants of Ostuni had suffered severely through want of rain. Public prayers and processions in honor of their patron saint Oronzo had been without avail. Finally the "miraculous" image of the saint was carried in procession, and following this rain fell in torrents. A thanksgiving service was organized, and the image was to be carried in procession around the town. The priests prohibited this, whereupon the people crowded to the cathedral and attacked the priests, several of whom were badly beaten. Shouting, "Long live our saint!" and "Death to the priests!" the infuriated mob threatened to lynch the clergy, who barricaded themselves in the sacristy. Fortunately, a body of police and troops arrived in time. The crowd was repeatedly charged, and eventually expelled from the church, which is now closed.

CHEEK AND CHANCE

—OR—

TRAVELING ON HIS WITS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X (Continued).

"Send them broadcast through the village street," said the doctor. He took a long brass horn and mounted the driver's seat.

No tally-ho bugler ever sent forth such blasts as he did while the imposing equipage dashed through the little country town. From every house and store people old and young rushed forth. When the doctor descended he said briskly:

"Nothing like advertising, my boy. That's what draws the people and makes the money."

Andy had begun to regard Dr. Markham as a remarkable man. He realized that he had once more hit upon a good thing, and this time he hoped that fate would not again dash it from him.

The next day, near the evening hour, the equipage rolled into Houlton. People on the street stared at the coach and four horses and the fat, genial-looking doctor tooting the brass horn.

That evening after the horses had been fed and supper had been procured at the principal hotel, Dr. Markham himself tooled the four grays into the public square and drew down the canopy of the coach. Andy helped him to produce the bottles of medicine and light the torches. Then taking the banjo he mounted the driver's box.

He played rollicking jigs and breakdowns. From everywhere the people flocked to the spot. Soon a perfect mass of humanity was crowded about the wagon.

Andy sang and played and cracked jokes with the crowd. Many a wit of the town went down before his sharp sallies. He was uproariously applauded.

Doctor Markham's face beamed. After awhile he began his lecture. He was eloquent and flowery. The people listened as to a great treat. They were convinced of the cure-all properties of the medicines, and soon the bottles began to fly.

At ten o'clock the doctor pulled up the canopy in the face of a clamorous crowd, and said to Oxley:

"Drive to the stable, Joe. I've done business enough for to-day."

The first evening with Dr. Markham was not last, and Andy felt well pleased with the result. Other evenings witnessed the same success.

The quack doctor took a great fancy to Andy. From town to town they went, and money rolled into the doctor's coffers. He paid Andy promptly, and it was not long before the young traveler found that he had the comfort-

able nest egg of four hundred dollars to his credit. He felt quite rich, and was congratulating himself upon future immunity from poverty when again the wheel of fortune made a sudden turn and whisked his chance away from him once more.

It was in a little Canadian town not far from the boundary line. The doctor had been selling medicine rapidly, when suddenly a coarse-featured man with eyes swollen with drink reeled up to the wagon, and began to curse and swear. Such ruffians were often encouraged, but this fellow was unusually persistent and obnoxious.

Finally Dr. Markham called upon the crowd to find an officer and remove the offensive fellow. Upon this the latter threw a heavy brick-bat at the doctor, which struck him heavily on the head. He dropped in an unconscious heap.

In an instant Andy lifted him up on the cushion and cried to Oxley:

"Drive to the hotel, quick, Joe. He is badly injured."

The excited crowd followed the carriage down the street. But Andy succeeded in having the doctor carried to his room at the hotel. Physicians came quickly, and made a most appalling report.

"There is effusion of blood in the brain. His chances are slight."

The brutish perpetrator of the outrage could not be found. Andy was beside himself. He hovered over the wounded man constantly. Late the next day the doctor opened his eyes for the first time, and became conscious. His faculties were astonishingly acute.

He looked at Andy, and then gazed about the room. Slowly a realization of all came to him.

"I remember," he said, slowly. "That fellow meant it, lad. He meant to kill me."

"I wish I had my hands upon him now," gritted Andy.

The sick man looked keenly at him. Then his face softened, a strange light came into his eyes, and he whispered:

"Boy, come here! Sit beside me. I must tell you something. The story must not die with me, and you shall have it—all the fortune—you shall have it, I say."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOCTOR'S WILL.

Andy made not the slightest doubt that the doctor's brain was wandering. However, he humored him and sat down by the bed.

Dr. Markham took one of Andy's hands in his.

"I had a little boy once," he said; "an infant, by whom I set my life. Had he grown up he must have been like you. Who were your parents?"

"I never knew my parents. Did your boy die?" he asked softly.

"No," replied the sick man. "He may be alive to-day somewhere in this wicked world. He was stolen from the cradle. The blow killed his mother and drove me nigh insane. I've never been the same since. Never the same."

"Too bad!" whispered Andy, unconsciously.

Markham's hand closed on Andy's.

"I have always hoped to find him. I have looked for his face in all the crowds I have addressed. But it has never come. Boy, I am going to die."

"Oh, I think not," protested Andy. "The surgeons give hope."

"But I know better. Death is upon me. Before I die I must settle one matter. I am a man of very large fortune. In all the world I have no living heir but my lost boy. My money is buried, lad, all buried in the ground. That fellow who threw the brick at me knows it, and has tried to kill me that he might claim it. He is a villain. His name is Darius Smith. He claims to be my half-brother, but it is a lie. He is an impostor. When I am dead—listen, Andy, swear to me, for I know that you are honest, swear that you will defeat that scoundrel. I am going to entrust you with the secret of the hiding place of my money. I want you to become its custodian, and one-third shall be yours. Yours, hear me, but you must travel everywhere and find my boy, my Leslie, and when he is found deliver him the other two-thirds, his rightful heritage. If you never find him, all is yours."

Andy recovered himself with a strong effort.

"I promise," he said, solemnly. "But you are not to die, Dr. Markham. I cannot have you die. You must not."

The sick man smiled and gazed attentively at Andy a moment.

"I am satisfied," he said. "You will do it. Place your hand on my chest. There you will find a small package in oiled silk. Take it out. Place it next your body. Guard it with your life. When I am dead open it and read. That is all. Leave me now, for I must think."

Like one in a daze Andy took the silk packet. He went softly into the inner room. A great lump was in his throat. He felt that the eccentric man was his friend, that he loved him, and now he was to die and leave him once more friendless and alone.

He followed the injunction and fastened the oiled packet to a string about his neck. After a while the door gently opened. One of the attending physicians nodded to Andy as he entered.

The physician softly approached the sick man's bed. As he glanced at the face on the pillow he gave a start and bent quickly over it. The eyes were open, the jaw dropped. A glance was enough. He rose, and, turning to Andy, said: "It is all over."

"Dead?" gasped Andy.

The physician nodded. Andy reeled, faint and giddy, to a chair. Some volatile salts soon brought him to.

"You take this seriously," said the physician gently. "Is he a relative?"

"He was the only friend I had in the world," replied Andy.

The news of the quack doctor's death created something of a sensation. Strange people came to the hotel to take charge of the body.

But Markham had left a written will with Andy and the physicians. All funeral arrangements were made by them and the dead man was given a Christian burial.

Darius Smith, who was really the murderer of the eccentric doctor, did not put in an appearance. Nothing would have suited Andy better, but the wretch was undoubtedly too astute.

That he would hear from him later Andy had no doubt.

The doctor's team and horses were sold. This, with money found on his person, was amply sufficient to pay all funeral expenses. Andy saw that all was settled, and then prepared to leave the place.

He had a mission before him. He was resolved to do all in his power to execute the dead doctor's will.

Not until all was over and he was once more conscious of being out in the world for himself again did it occur to him to look at the oilskin package given him by Dr. Markham.

He gently disengaged it from his neck and opened it. It was tied with a strong twine. A slip of paper was unfolded upon which was written in a fine legible hand the following:

"This may be found upon my body after death. To such as find it, I solemnly charge them under the penalty of being haunted by a dead man's ghost, to deposit this, my last will and testament and inventory of my wealth, with some safe trust company, which will guard safely the inheritance I leave and faithfully execute my will, which is:

"For twenty years the money itemized below shall remain at interest for my son Leslie. Each year the interest but no part of principal shall be devised to advertise in far parts of the earth for my son, who has been long lost to me. If at the end of twenty years he or his heirs do not make claim, the money entire shall revert to any deserving charitable society. This is my will. For faithful execution of same, I devise to the executor five thousand dollars.

"My fortune will be found buried in a spot thus described: A clearing in the great woods of Moosehead. Two miles east of a cairn on the southern side of Katahdin. One mile north of Moose creek at its junction with White's brook. A three-forked, solitary pine marks the clearing. Fourteen paces west of this pine by the compass, dig. The chest is nine feet under the surface. Money is in gold. The amount is two hundred and twenty thousand dollars all told.

"In execution of this will I bid you fail not, nor be false, for such shall have a dead man's curse.

(Signed) "Chester Markham."

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

GIRDLING THE EARTH.

English airmen are inclined to regard an aeroplane trip around the world unfeasible in the present stage of aerial development. It is pointed out that in order to recover the distance in the stipulated time it would be necessary to fly at the rate of more than 200 miles daily for three months.

Veddrines was five weeks in accomplishing the 3,500 miles from Paris to the Pyramids, flying an average of only 100 miles daily.

"The Exhibition Committee's offer," says The Daily Mail, "indicates remarkable confidence in the future of aircraft, though there is little prospect of the feat being accomplished by the proposed date. But it is merely a question of time before an airman puts a girdle around the world."

KILL 400,000 PRAIRIE DOGS.

Four hundred thousand prairie dogs in the Cochetopa and Dike national forests in Colorado and the Tusayan and Coconino forests in Arizona have been killed by the Department of Agriculture since its campaign of destruction was declared against the rodents.

In a statement issued recently the department says that this work was done at a cost of about \$12,000, which is a mere trifle when compared with the value of the forage upon which the dogs lived. It is estimated that the forage which the rodents devoured would have been sufficient for about 15,500 sheep or about 1,800 head of cattle, valued at \$150,000.

Carbon bisulphid and strychnine mixed with heavy oats is the department's means of getting rid of the dogs. In the Cochetopa forests alone last year the survey used 35,000 pounds of oats, 4,000 pounds of bisulphid, and about 1,800 ounces of strychnine.

The hides of the prairie dogs are practically worthless in this country, according to the department. American and English furriers obtain better skins from Siberia for 5 cents apiece, and glovemakers say that the skins are too small to be worked up economically. As a result, the department says, no market for the skins has been found.

DEEP SEA FISH FOUND.

The Prince of Monaco's passion for oceanography has brought to light a specimen of a hitherto unknown species of fish which was found in the Atlantic at the depth of three and three-quarters miles. In honor of the reigning family of Monaco it has been called "grimaldichtys profundissimus."

The depth at which it was found is several hundred yards lower than the lowest depths hitherto explored and tends to prove the existence of other unknown races and species of deep-sea monsters at depths which have never been sounded.

The grimaldichtys profundissimus is very heavy about the head, but the body diminishes rapidly in size toward the tail. It is covered with a peculiar form of scales imbedded in the skin. The head is round and soft, with the appearance of having been flattened underneath; the eyes are extremely small, but visible, and the teeth are numerous and small. The fish is very pale and almost without color, except for a grayish-violet tinge in certain parts of the head and underneath the body. The inside of the mouth is a dark violet, almost black.

WHEN "FINDINGS ARE KEEPINGS."

There are a good many popular sayings on matters legal which if followed literally may lead to trouble. The old saying that "Findings Are Keepings," is one of them.

It is true that under the law the finder of lost property is entitled to keep it against all the world except the rightful owner, but he may get himself into serious trouble unless he makes a reasonable effort to locate the real owner.

At least that is so in New York and probably in some of the other States where New York's Penal Code is more or less closely followed. There is a section of that code which provides that, unless he makes a reasonable effort to restore it to its owner, the finder of lost property is guilty of larceny.

Just what amounts to "a reasonable effort" must depend upon the circumstances of each particular case. One would not be expected to go to any considerable expense to locate the owner of an article of little value, but, on the other hand, if the property found were worth several thousand dollars, the finder might reasonably be expected to expend his own money, if necessary, to locate the loser. If he didn't, he would be guilty of larceny under the statute.

There is no duty upon the part of the finder to advertise for the owner unless that method seems to be the most likely one to locate him.

If you find a gold watch on a street car, it is your duty to turn it over to the conductor or to the lost property department of the railway company, not because the company has a better title to it than you, but because that is the most likely method of locating the owner. If the property is not reclaimed within a reasonable time, you may insist upon having it returned to you. For this reason, when you turn over lost property in this way either obtain a receipt for it admitting your claim to it as a finder, or if you cannot obtain such a receipt, deliver with the article a letter asserting your claim, keeping a copy of the letter.

Again, if you find a pocketbook in a store, and there is no clue to its owner, it is your duty to inform the shopkeeper of your find, but there is no reason why you should turn it over to him unless by so doing the owner may be more easily found.

TEN-DAY ISLAND

OR,

THE SECRET OF OLD 33

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I.

OLD 33.

"Come here, John Jacks, I want to speak to you."

"Can't now, Mr. Mac. I'm hard at it, as usual. Besides, the old man is coming along the corridor. He'll get on to us, sure."

"Come soon, then, John Jacks. Come to-night just before Gayton goes his rounds, if you can't come before."

"All right, Mr. Mac. I'll do the best I can," and the boy went whistling along the corridor of the Wareton jail without looking back at Old 33.

The old prisoner who had looked through the grated window at him sank down upon his bed and buried his face in his hands.

"This is the end," he murmured, and he said it again and again.

What did he mean?

Was it the end of his own life that he referred to?

If so, there was nothing strange in the fact that it was the end, for the man was certainly as much as eighty years old.

Or was it the end of his imprisonment in the Wareton jail?

This would have been something to wonder about a little more than that so old a man should die, for George Mackintosh was the oldest prisoner in the jail, and no one now living in and about the establishment could remember when he did not occupy cell 33.

John Jacks knew nothing of his history beyond the fact that he was entered in the prison books as having been committed on a life sentence for a murder done over fifty years ago.

A poor, old, white-headed man, who had spent more than half a century behind the bars!

That was "Old 33," as everybody called him. The mysterious prisoner—and he was mysterious, for the reason that no one knew who he was, or where he came from on the day of his commitment, and no one had ever been able to find out since.

Now, Wareton jail was not really a jail, but rather a penitentiary.

It belonged to the State of North Carolina, and was situated at the head of a long inlet which ran up from the coast, surrounded on three sides by a dense swamp which extended away for miles.

A dreary, miserable place, if ever there was one in the wide world, ruled over by "Colonel" Gayton, a drunken, tyrannical, ignoramus, who had but two objects in life, one being to drink whisky, the other to starve, torture and torment the prisoners under his charge all he could.

We have now described two of the principal personages in Wareton jail, and before taking up our story we may as well describe another, and that is the bright boy of eighteen, who went toiling through the long corridor with the two heavy water buckets; his daily task.

This was John Jacks.

Two years before he had been arrested in the streets of Raleigh as a homeless vagrant, and when he was taken before the judge and asked to tell who he was and where he came from, he made a singular answer.

"I'm nobody. I belong nowhere. I'm starving. Send me away where I can pull myself together and begin again."

The name he gave was John Jacks, but he admitted at the time it was a false one.

All questions about his past he steadily refused to answer. He was as much of a mystery in his way as the old man in cell 33.

They sent John Jacks to the Wareton jail on a thirty days' sentence, and there he was forgotten, and had remained ever since.

He made himself so useful to the under keepers—for he was a most active worker—that Colonel Gayton simply would not let him go, and although he had tried in every way to make his escape, the opportunity had never offered.

Practically John Jacks was a slave, and it looked as if he was likely to remain so as long as Colonel Gayton lived and had charge of Wareton jail, and his was not the only case of the same kind within those grim prison walls, where the warden was absolute master, and held himself responsible to no one.

"You try to escape, John Jacks, and I'll surely catch you," Colonel Gayton often said, "and if I do catch you, I'll kill you and chuck your carcass to the bloodhounds to chaw up. That's me."

John Jacks believed Colonel Gayton would be as good as his word, for he had seen him do the very same thing in other cases.

That is why John Jacks did not try to escape.

Night came on, and a dismal night it was, too.

A fearful storm was raging off Hatteras, and the tide rose high in the inlet.

The wind whistled through the cypress trees in the swamp, every now and then tumbling one over with a resounding crash; the rain beat against the walls of Waretton jail with a force which might almost have washed them away if they had not been built of solid limestone.

There were often such nights down there in the cypress swamp at the head of the inlet, but John Jacks could not remember ever seeing a worse one.

"What a night for an escape!" he thought. "Even the bloodhounds could not track a fellow in such a storm as this."

John Jacks was going his last round at the time this thought passed through his mind.

This was to light the lamps in the corridor on the third story of the big stone building.

It was in this third story that the life sentence prisoners were located, and as the boy passed along with his torch he paused in front of cell 33.

What was the noise he heard—that singular grating sound?

John Jacks listened, but the sound instantly ceased, and the whitened head of old George Mackintosh appeared at the grating in the door.

"That you, John Jacks?" he whispered.

"I'm here, Mr. Mac," said the boy.

"Where's the old man?"

"Don't know. At his supper most likely."

"Any of the keepers on this floor?"

"No. Bill has gone downstairs, and I don't know where Crab is. If you want to say anything to me, Mr. Mac, you had better say it now."

The old "lifer" was trembling all over. He clutched desperately at the bars with both hands.

"John Jacks, what is behind my cell?" he breathed.

"Behind your cell, sir? I'm blest if I know. Let me think. Why, it's one of the rooms in the High House, of course."

"I know that, boy; certainly I know that. But whose room? A vacant one? If not, whose room? Speak quick."

"What are you driving at, Mr. Mac? Surely you don't mean——"

"No matter what I mean! John Jacks, you have done me many a favor. You have been very kind to me, and what is more, you have treated me with respect. Boy, I'm going to tell you a secret. I have learned to love you like a son!"

"I'm sure I'm willing to do anything I can for you, Mr. Mac," said John Jacks, touched by the earnestness with which the old man spoke.

"Then be quick! Stop and think. It is forty feet from the end of the prison to the wall of the High House."

"About that, sir."

"I know it's that, for I've measured it. Now, in your mind measure the rooms in the High House on the floor corresponding to this, and try and tell me whose room comes behind my cell."

"John Jacks, what in thunder are you hanging around there for? How many times have I got to tell you not to talk to the prisoners? Come here, you young rascal! Come quick, or I'll put a bullet into your hide!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! There he is!" groaned Old 33, pulling away from the grating. "Go, John Jacks! Go!"

Now, John Jacks did not want to go at all, for he knew just what he might expect.

It was Colonel Gayton himself who had suddenly appeared at the other end of the corridor, and he was in his usual condition—drunk, ugly and full of fight.

Still there was nothing for it but to go, for to hold back would mean worse than what he might expect by going on.

John Jacks accordingly hurried toward the irate warden, and got a little more than his usual dose.

He was seized by the ear and had his head pounded against the wall.

He was kicked, and then lifted on the toe of the colonel's foot and thrown toward the stairs.

"Get off to bed with you!" roared the tyrant. "No supper to-night for you! Let me catch you talking to the lifers again and I'll break every bone in your body, and have your hide tanned and turned over to the cobbler to make into shoes!"

Not a word did the boy answer back. What was the use? What good would it do?

No one knew better than John Jacks that it only meant more of the same sort.

So he skurried off downstairs, and passed out into the prison yard, the door being opened for him by a keeper, who, to keep on the good side of his master, gave the boy a kick on his own account as he passed through.

The rain almost drenched John Jacks as he turned the corner of the big stone building and ran the forty feet which Old 33 had talked about, and popped in at another door which led into a long, narrow building bounded by the prison wall on one side and the inlet on the other.

This building was what was known as the "High House." It was not over ten feet wide, and rose to a height of four stories.

Here the under keepers lived, and on the ground floor was the prison kitchen, the dining-room on the next floor, and a number of small rooms or dormitories over that.

It was in one of these dormitories that John Jacks slept, and his window overlooked the inlet and the swamp.

It was fifty feet down to the water, and as no regular prisoners were ever put in these dormitories, bars were not deemed necessary there.

A narrow corridor ran between the prison wall and the dormitory doors, and John Jacks, hurrying through it, opened the door of No. 9.

As he did so his ears caught a queer grating sound, which seemed to proceed from the prison wall.

It was the same sound he had heard a few moments before when he paused in front of the cell of Old 33.

CHAPTER II.

IS THIS MAN MAD?

"What in the world was that?" thought John Jacks, stopping short, for the sound had instantly ceased.

He listened, but it was not repeated.

Then he knocked on the wall.

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

Hamilton Cherry, of Aurora, Ill., who was six feet nine inches in height, is dead at the age of seventy-three. He was of ordinary height until thirty years of age, when he began to grow. He came from a family of giants, every member being more than six feet four inches tall.

Instancing the fact that in the Boer war "it took 5,000 shots to hit a man," the celebrated rifle shot, Ommundsen, says: "In spite of improvements in the power, precision and rate of fire of modern weapons, the percentage of hits was immeasurably greater a hundred years ago than it is to-day."

Because of the failure to comply at a fraternity dance with the rules of the college authorities prohibiting the tango, six students of Gettysburg College who formed the Dancing Committee have been suspended for a period of two weeks. The faculty action also carries with it the understanding that the students be deprived from participation in all college activities, and that no more inter-fraternity dances be held this year, with the exception of the big dance just before commencement.

Hats were first made by a Swiss at Paris in 1404. When Charles VII. of France entered Rouen in triumph in 1449, he wore a hat lined with red velvet, bearing a rich plume of feathers. Henceforth, hats and caps, at least in France, began to take the place of chaperons and hoods. Hats were first manufactured in England by Spaniards in 1510. Very high-crowned hats were worn by Queen Elizabeth's courtiers and were again introduced in 1783.

It has been reliably reported that Mr. Henry Ford, manufacturer of the well-known low-priced gasoline automobile, is soon to enter the electric field, producing an electric automobile that may sell as low as \$600. According to the plans that have been given out, the car will weigh 1,100 pounds, of which 405 pounds will be taken up by the storage battery equipment. The storage battery will be of the Edison nickel-iron type and the machine will have a radius of 100 miles per charge.

Teaching army officers the subjects of aero-mechanics and aeroplane design has something picturesque about it if we may judge from the account which one of the instructors gives us. When the clock strikes, the pupils flock from all corners of the sky and volplane down to the instructor's pulpit and blackboard in a great white tent. They sit erect and still as mice, smoking as they listen, while the dogs sleep at their feet. A beginning has been made in what may develop into regular and systematic annual courses of lectures accompanied by problems and experiments. The instructors thus far chosen are Dr. Alfred F. Zahn, Professor Durand and Dr. Humphreys.

The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is not a straight street not, in fact, a straight house in the place. Every part of it has the appearance of an earthquake. Northwich is the center of the salt industry in Cheshire, England. On nearly all sides of the town are big salt works, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week. At a depth of some 200 or 300 feet are immense subterranean lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened, and the result is an occasional subsidence. These subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, and they are drawn all ways and give the town an extremely dissipated appearance.

Starving and exhausted chamois, stags and roe deer are descending from their mountain fastnesses in the Canton of Grisons and the Swiss Tyrolean Alps into the villages, practically begging for food, and with all fear lost. On these mountains the snow lies six feet deep, and during the last three days the cold has been intense (zero Fahrenheit on an average). Even above Arosa and Klosters famished deer have been found, while near Davos a large stag was discovered in a stable. In the Praetigau Valley eight chamois and twelve deer are now "en pension" in the villages, but a number of the animals have been found dead on the paths and roads. It is forbidden by law to harm these animals in the canton, and when they are restored they will be liberated. A further fall of black snow is reported from Malcolin, near Bienne, while at Wetzikon, Canton of Zurich, gray snow fell recently. A large avalanche has carried away the two wooden military barracks on the Oberalp. A military patrol from Andermatt has been despatched to the spot.

The Senate, with testimony before it from Secretary of War Garrison and General Crozier, Chief of the Bureau of Fortifications, that the United States Army was so badly in need of arms and munitions that it could not make a respectable resistance against a foreign invader, passed, recently, the Fortifications bill carrying \$6,895,200. Senate amendments increasing the House appropriations for guns and ammunition by some \$2,000,000 were adopted with practically no debate, and the bill was passed with a single roll call. The largest increases voted by the Senate raised the House appropriation of 900,000 for ammunition to \$2,000,000, and the House appropriation of \$450,000 for cannon of various types to \$900,000. Senator Bryan of Florida, who handled the bill for the committee, said that there were less than 1,200 guns for the whole army and that these could not be mobilized from one strategic point to another because of the size of the country. Senator Bryan said the increases were made to meet as nearly as possible the estimate for an army of half a million men.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Another profit-sharing plan was put in operation in Hershey, Pa., when the Hershey Chocolate Company distributed \$100,000 among its employees. The distribution took the form of a 20 per cent. bonus to all employees of six months' standing.

The National Aerial League has completed plans for a flight of a flotilla of aeroplanes across the Sahara or Great Desert. They will start from Oran, Algeria, and the final landing will be made at Timbuktu, French Sudan, a distance of 1,400 miles. Pyramids of stone will be placed at intervals to mark the route. If the experiment proves successful the establishment of a regular air mail service will be considered.

Paul Schmitt, an engineer in France, has built an aeroplane which, with seven men and carrying an aggregate weight of a ton and a half, rose recently to a height of about 5,000 feet in half an hour. Among the devices on the aeroplane is one by which its speed can be regulated at will from 75 to 26 miles an hour. It is claimed that this must revolutionize all theories on long distance tours and makes possible an aerial automobile service.

Moving targets are used in Germany which are mounted on trucks and drawn along the ground by the use of electrically worked cables and drums, so as to approach real conditions. In the electric plant is a large motor driving a number of drums, one for each cable and its target, the speed varying as desired. Silhouettes representing infantry are drawn along, at first slowly, and when fired at they run at a rapid rate till they reach the first trench, stopping and lowering automatically so as to show only the head. Other maneuvers for infantry or cavalry can be carried out, and the electric method allows of a good control of operations.

Three tribes of Indians hitherto unknown have been discovered by the University of Pennsylvania's Amazon expedition. They are in regions of Brazil never before penetrated by white men, according to a letter received recently from Doctor Farabee, head of the expedition. The

letter was dated Boa Vista, Brazil, which is at the headwaters of ordinary navigation on the Uraracuera River, a northern affluent of the Amazon. The Indians call themselves Porocotos, Ajamaras, and Zapacas. Doctor Farabee made vocabularies of their languages, took photographs, and collected many ethnological specimens. Archaeological specimens of rare interest were also found. The letter was dated October 7, and reported that all members of the party were well, and were about to set out for Guiana to make further explorations.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"What's a diplomat?" "A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age."

Bloobs—You know disease always attracts the weakest spot. Blobbs—Do you suppose that is why so many people get a cold in the head?

Ball Fan—How do you account for the slump in McFogarty's fielding average? Sport Writer—He goes after too many high balls."

"Doesn't the story of the prodigal son bring tears to your eyes?" "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Every time I hear the story I can't help sympathizing with the fatted calf."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

Willie and his little sister were visiting at a mountain resort where they heard a great deal of talk of the fine view. One day the sister fell over the edge of the piazza, and Willie ran screaming to his mother: "Oh, mamma! Come, quick! Bessie has fallen into the view!"

Beatrice Herford, the famed monologist, appeared in her specialty in London for a while. One afternoon she had just made her appearance on the stage when a cat walked in and sat down beside her. "You get out!" said Miss Herford sternly. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

"So you are going to be a poet, young man?" queried the ex-editor, in whose voice there was a note of cynicism. "Well, there's always room in the upper story." "That's where I've landed in just six months' time; attic of a skyscraper, with a prospect of having to take to the roof when the weather will permit."

A small negro boy went to a physician to be treated for a painful sensation in one of his ears. The doctor examined and found the ear was full of water. "How did this happen?" he asked after he had drained the ear; "been going in swimming?" "Naw, suh," said the little fellow, "been eatin' watermelon!"

THE COINER'S WIFE.

By John Sherman

I shall never forget the 13th of December, 1879. The streets of the great city of Manchester had grown depressingly desolate, and a dense, black fog prevailed over all the town.

I was hurrying, as fast as the night would allow, from Victoria railway station along the then old and dingy Deansgate, in the direction of my office, just as the cathedral bells were chiming the hour of twelve.

Benumbed with cold, I found, to my great joy, a cheerful fire blazing in my room, which, thanks to my comrade, who had retired for the night, was considerably prepared for me.

I took off my great-coat and muffler, drew a chair close to the fender, and began thinking over the incidents of a case I had that afternoon brought to a successful issue, when, with the suddenness of a startled night-bird's scream, I heard a piteous and prolonged shriek issuing from beneath the unshuttered window.

I sprang to my feet, and gazing in the direction of the sound, saw a sight I shall never forget while memory holds a seat in my brain.

A wild, white face, with long dishevelled hair hanging over an ill-clad form, was gesticulating in a beseeching manner close to the fire-lit panes.

Cool and collected as I usually am under extraordinary circumstances, I must confess to a feeling of terror taking possession of my whole frame at that instant, and I sat there rooted to the spot.

It was only for a moment, though—or, perhaps, as long as it would take one to count ten—before the apparition, as it seemed to be, vanished as suddenly from my transfixed gaze as it had in coming upon me with all its ghastly whiteness.

"This is very strange," I involuntarily exclaimed, "and puzzles me not a little. What can it mean?"

Then, striding toward the door, I flung it wide open; but there was nothing before me—only the black, choking fog, and the dead silence of the street.

For a little while I stood like one bewildered. I strained my ears in the anxious hope of catching the sound of some one's footfall; but it was all in vain—the quiet remained unbroken.

Pushing back the door, I turned to re-enter the room, when my eyes caught sight of a piece of white paper that lay upon the wide sill of the window.

"Ah," I thought, "here, then, is the explanation of this deep mystery."

I took it to the light, opened it, and, much to my astonishment, found a message of deep anguish, addressed to me, in almost undeciphered characters.

The note was wet in places as if with tears, and it bore indubitable evidence of having been hurriedly written. This is what is said:

"If you would stop more crime, perhaps murder, come at once to No. 13 Tomson's Court. Am followed. Heaven save me and my child! What shall I do? Rescue us, and

Heaven bless you. Be careful. Conceal yourself. Watch. Top room at back."

LIZZIE THORNLEY."

Thornley—Thornley! The name appeared familiar to me. I went to the diary, turned to letter T, and found the following entry:

November 24, 1878.—Bill Thornley, alias Springer, alias Saxley, coiner—wanted.

Could this, then, be the man, who, for nearly eighteen months, had successfully eluded our most vigilant pursuit? It seemed more than probable.

Was the information, however, contained in that mysterious message of a genuine character? Or was it meant to lead me into a fatal trap? The promptings of my heart answered me, and that answer was: Bill Thornley, desperado, you are in Tomson's Court, and I will have you, my slippery beauty, before another day is over.

It was very late, or, rather, I ought to say, the day was young, when I put out the office lights; for the bell of St. Peter's had just rung out the hour of one.

I had decided, whatever might be the consequences to my unknown visitor, to go home and sleep over the matter, and then report the circumstances to the inspector, so as to receive his sanction to the step, before putting my plans into execution.

With this resolution strong upon me I started upon my journey home. My way lay in the direction of Greengate, and several times ere I reached Blackfriars Bridge I saw the vision of that white face, with its look of unutterable terror, fixed unmovably on me.

Late in the forenoon of the same day I returned to the office and duly reported my experience of the previous night.

"This looks like a serious job for you, Lomax," said Inspector Jones, as soon as I had finished my report. "Just turn to the album there and look at S. and T. for a portrait of 'Springer,' or 'Saxley,' or 'Thornley.' He has done seven years, but not accounted for himself for a long time past. Is that it? Ah, good! Take it with you, and if you get a chance of comparing it with the original, and you find they agree, nab him—that's all. Would you like Schofield with you?"

"No," I answered.

"Well, in any case, be quite prepared to face rough work, for if your man should turn out to be the one I suspect, look sharp, I advise you."

After these and other timely hints I retired to the wardrobe adjoining Jones' room. I went in a clean-shaven, good-looking man of twenty-seven, and in half an hour afterward came out again in the character of a middle-aged woman, dressed in a rather seedy suit of black.

I had on a faded dress of cashmere, a long circular cloak of the same material, and a matronly-looking bonnet, from beneath which hung longish locks of iron-gray hair, while a thick veil drooping down in front completed the transformation. I must not forget to mention, though, that I took with me a small wallet of pins, needles and tape, under the pretext of having them for sale. My get-up was perfect. I looked to all the world like one who had seen better days, but was reduced now to a state of genteel poverty.

It was close upon three o'clock in the afternoon when I

sallied out of Albert street, and a drizzling rain was making matters most uncheerful.

I had no difficulty in finding Tomson's Court. It was situated in Little Peter 'street, and in that direction I turned my footsteps. I must confess my mind was not without some misgivings as to the successful accomplishment of my plans. Still I had before played two or three bold games as a detective with considerable credit, and why should I fail in this?

Proceeding along the dark and narrow yard of Tomson's Court, I noticed a knot of unkempt women of most repulsive appearance standing talking together, and by their earnest demeanor I knew that they had some serious business in hand.

Sudden as thought my wallet was out, and I stood before them cringingly beseeching them to buy my wares. But of course it was all to no purpose. I neither sold anything nor heard a word that would give me the faintest clue.

Watching my opportunity, I got away from them, and passed into No. 13 unseen by any one. The room was situated at the end of a long, dark and winding lobby, and the stench that met me was almost overpowering.

I paused a moment listening, but not a sound did I hear. Then I knocked at the door, very feebly at first, then louder and louder, and yet there came no response to me.

I knocked again, so as to be certain there was no one in the room, and still received no answer. My curiosity was now aroused. I took from my pocket a small bunch of skeleton keys—I never went out without them—and noiselessly opened the door. As soon as I entered I stood aghast at the sight that met my eyes.

In one corner of the room, stretched upon a heap of straw, I saw the form of a woman, half naked and motionless, with her eyes closed, as if in death.

I staggered toward her, turned her face to the light, and, merciful heavens, recognized in her the mysterious midnight visitor whose wild look had so possessed me!

I turned her head more to the light, and was horrified to see a thin stream of blood oozing from her snow-white brow upon the face and hands of a little babe that nestled at her breast.

A few moments afterward she fixed a steady, wondering gaze on me, then tried to speak.

"Pray, do not, for the present, agitate yourself," I exclaimed, in a well-assumed female voice. "You will feel better presently, and then we will speak a little."

Three chairs, an old deal box and a dilapidated table formed the principal articles in the room. Two other things, however, attracted my attention more than all besides. They were a long wooden bench, such as is used by carpenters, and from the nature of the tools I saw lying about—with dies and molds of various sizes—my suspicions became fully confirmed.

The other object which arrested my attention was a strong, capacious wardrobe in the opposite corner, facing the bench. Its folding doors stood a little ajar, and I grew curious to know the character of its contents.

I was just rising from my seat, with the intention of making a closer inspection, when the woman opened her eyes again and beckoned me to her side. Then, in a voice just raised above a whisper, she said:

"Who are you that have found your way into this miserable dwelling?"

"I am a woman peddling a few simple wares," I answered; "but how I managed to find myself here is more than I can tell; yet I am thankful I have reached you, if it is only that I may be of some simple service to you, for I see you need a helping hand."

"Ah, 'tis true—'tis true," she replied; "but I fear your kind assistance has come too late—yes, too late!"

"I hope not. Tell me, though, how you have come by that wound in your temple. Is it the result of a fall?"

"No, no; it was done by him—my husband. He struck me with a hammer because I would not consent to his taking away my child."

"Merciful heavens, can such things be? Where is he now?" I somewhat eagerly inquired.

"Last night, a little before twelve, he came home in a terrible temper. I saw murder lurking in his eyes, and after listening to his fearful oaths, I ran to the police station, pursued by him. I could not attract attention. He overtook me just as I re-entered this room, and—Hark! What is that?"

Instantly we were as silent as the dead, and listened.

I motioned to the woman to be silent, while I crept noiselessly into the open wardrobe.

I closed the folding doors from within, and, as good fortune would have it, discovered a large crevice through which I could see the movements of any one who might choose to enter the apartment.

The minutes elapsed seemed hours to me, and I was beginning to think that, after all, my ears had deceived me, when, very slowly, and without the faintest sound, the door opened, and the figure of a short, stout, bushy-bearded man crept in. It was Thornley.

He stole to where Lizzie Thornley lay; he bent over her, as if to assure himself that she was unaware of his presence.

"Um! she must have been muttering in her sleep, I reckon. I could have sworn, though, I heard two voices."

Slipping his fingers in his waistcoat pocket, he drew forth a small key. With this he opened a secret panel in the wainscot of the wall, and there I saw great piles of glittering coin, which my practiced eyes told me were spurious all.

With the rapidity of a panther springing on its prey I flung open the wardrobe doors and sprang on him. The suddenness of my appearance struck him motionless and dumb. He could but glare at me, while I held him in a vise-like grip, and his lips trembled and grew ashy pale.

At such a moment as this a detective needs all the coolness he can command, for then it is that his victim is almost powerless of resistance. The latter becomes semi-paralyzed with surprise, and before he knows the meaning of it finds the bracelets on his wrists. At least, such was the case with the ruffian Thornley. I made short work of him. As for his wife and child (for such they proved to be), I had them tenderly conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, where for ten long days and nights of suffering she and her baby lay, and then their spirits crossed the confines of a better world.

Thornley was found guilty of manslaughter, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

GOOD READING

The ostrich is a descendent of a genus of bird which in prehistoric times attained an enormous size. In the alluvial deposits of the island of Madagascar, Africa, evidence has recently been found to show that ostriches fourteen feet and fifteen feet in height once lived there.

Walter Gray, 35 years old, farmer, presents a baffling case to Batavia, N. Y., physicians. He has yawned three times in a week and each time a physician has been obliged to administer treatment to get the man's mouth closed again, his jaws having become dislocated in each case. Physicians are at a loss to account for the trouble.

After working thirty-four years in one store in Bellefontaine, Ohio, without missing a day Christy McClusky resigned so that he could take a "much needed rest." McClusky was never late at work in the morning and he asserted that he had never been able to get away from the store exactly on time in the evenings. McClusky's remedy for all ailments is work. If he felt ill he went to work just the same. If he became ill when busy with his duties he worked the harder.

John Keegan of Thomaston, Conn., and Michael Keegan of Washington State, brothers, have just found each other. John was fifteen and Michael eighteen when they lost track of each other, forty-five years ago. Michael went to England in 1868 and returning to this country a few years later settled in Washington, where he prospered. The brothers will endeavor to arrange a reunion. There was another brother, Patrick Keegan, but neither John nor Michael know whether he is living or dead.

After spending ten days in a snow dugout twenty miles in the mountains from Alhambra Springs, Mont., Mike Murray, a prospector, 70 years old, was found by a searching party almost dead from exposure, hunger, and cold. Murray was forced by his extreme hunger to kill a colt which had followed his mare from the ranch and eat the raw flesh to keep himself alive. The searching party was formed when friends became alarmed by Murray's long absence on a hunting trip. The old man had encountered a terrific snowstorm.

With the promise from Colonel George W. Goethals, in command of the Canal Zone, that his boat would be the first to pass through the Panama Canal, Commander A. H. Robertson started recently from San Diego in the United States cruiser Denver. According to Commander Robertson, Colonel Goethals intends to use the cruiser to test the canal locks before the waterway is really opened. Unless the Navy Department interferes with Colonel Goethal's plans, the Denver will enter the canal at Balboa on March 15, passing through to Colon and then returning to the Pacific side.

Miss Edith Durham, whose dispatches from the Balkans contained some of the most vivid descriptions of the horrors of the recent war, lecturing in London recently, expressed her conviction that "no Red Cross aid ought to be sent out in a war. To heal men's wounds and send them back to the front as soon as possible is to prolong war indefinitely." But for the Red Cross aid, she said, the war would have been ended much sooner than it was. If the bullet from a Mauser rifle does not hit a vital part, the wounded can return to the front in ten days. The one idea of the wounded, she said, was to get back for revenge and loot.

Lieutenant H. S. Post, First Aero Corps, U. S. A., was instantly killed by a fall of 500 feet in a hydro-aeroplane. About 150 feet from the surface of the bay Lieutenant Post was seen to shoot clear of the machine. It was said by watchers that the engine exploded. Lieutenant Post was flying for an altitude record. He had the reputation of being the best aviator in the army camp on North Island, across the bay from San Diego. Lieutenant Post was born in New York June 15, 1885, and was commissioned as second lieutenant of the Twenty-fifth Infantry in 1911. His death makes a total of sixteen in government aviation since 1908.

A tale of self-privation and sacrifice and devotion to two pets was revealed when Amos Morgan, an eighty-three-year-old hermit, was found in a dying condition in his log cabin in the woods near Parsippany, N. J. During the severe weather of two weeks ago he slipped and sprained his ankle at his door. Unable to walk about, he broke up what furniture he had in the house to keep the stove going. He gave all his food to the two collies and went hungry himself. The animals became ugly after the food supply gave out. Sinking from hunger and cold the aged recluse fell into a comatose state. The continued howling of his pets attracted Abram Hettinger, who, with others, went to the hut and found the aged man nearly dead. It is not thought he can recover.

A large, half-starved gray wolf, after attacking three persons and spreading consternation through a staid residence district, was shot and killed on Linwood Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo., recently. The wolf sprang at Miss Anna Harrison as she waited for a street car. Miss Harrison threw her fur muff at the animal and while the garment was being torn to pieces, escaped into a house. Her clothing was torn but she was unhurt. The wolf ran down the boulevard pursued by a milkman who hurled bottles as he ran. Two blocks from the first attack the wolf bit a negro in the arm. The wolf had run fifteen blocks and attacked Samuel J. Harnden, a deputy county collector, before T. W. Wright, a policeman, ended the chase by sending a bullet into the animal's head.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

An enterprising dentist practicing in the Place Clichy, Montmartre, Paris, has just published an original schedule of rates for the extraction of teeth. The ordinary extraction is 60 cents, painless extraction \$1, extraction to music, \$4. With this class of operation the victim may choose any musical record he desires, hear Wagner, Beethoven, or, as the announcement adds, Irving of Berlin.

The aviator Ingold broke the world's record for an endurance flight at Munich, February 8. He remained in the air for sixteen hours and twenty minutes and covered a distance estimated at 1,050 miles without landing. Ingold started at Mulhausen, Alsace, and flew far to the north. He then proceeded southward to Munich, landing in a suburb.

Fox hunters suddenly ran into a herd of twenty-three deer and three old bucks at Westminster, Conn. All parts of the county are now overrun by deer, which are leaving their winter retreats and invading settlements in search of food. Young trees, especially apple, peach and pear trees, are being destroyed by thousands. It is usually late in March before the deer leave their winter "yards." Farmers who have long studied their habits believe that the breaking up means that the animals consider winter broken up also.

No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population of China. The sea is raked and is drained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shellfish no bigger than one's finger nail are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among the Chinese relates to food.

Jasper W. Rainey, State prison life-terminer, at Leavenworth, Kan., who broke a silence of twenty years recently when, on his knees, he begged Samuel Seaton, Governor Hodges' pardon clerk, to have release on parole granted, has left the prison. He will be free as long as he observes the parole regulations. Rainey has served twenty years on the charge of murdering a woman with whom he quarreled at Paola, Kan. He had protested when he arrived at Leavenworth, Kan., that he had been wronged and took a vow that his voice would not be heard while he remained behind the prison walls.

The International Waterways Commission has published its final report on the proposal to establish a submerged dam or weir at the outlet of Lake Erie for the purpose

of raising the water in all the Great Lakes except Ontario. Its cost would be about \$3,000,000, and the Commission unanimously recommends that a treaty be entered into between Great Britain and the United States providing for its construction. The report states that the level of the lakes has been appreciably lowered by the Chicago Drainage Canal and the Erie Canal. To illustrate the importance of this question, it is pointed out that the freight boats on the lakes are built to the greatest capacity the depth of harbors and channels will permit, and that every added inch of water means an increased capacity of 85 tons in these big vessels.

Two motor cars raced over the Williamsburg bridge the other afternoon and when the first car reached the center span, 175 feet above the river, a young woman leaped out, scrambled up to the top of the parapet, seven feet higher than the driveway, and jumped off into space. A young man jumped out of the second car, threw himself to the top of the parapet, and followed. Traffic was lively on the bridge, and only a few noticed a motion-picture machine at work. The shouts, shrieks, and yells which greeted the double jump stopped for a moment when it was seen that the two had parachutes. The young woman, who was Constance Bennett, fell ninety feet before her parachute bulged out, while the young man, who was Rodman Law, the human skyrocket, dropped like a shot to within fifty feet of the water before his parachute mushroomed. As the two struck the water, the breathless crowd on the bridge noticed a tug cruising near them with two motion-picture cameras aboard. This tug, the Dalzelline, picked both of them up.

The delivery of parcel post packages by United States mail carriers equipped with roller skates is the latest scheme devised to save time in this branch of the Government service. Incidentally, it also seems destined to cut quite a figure in the saving of shoe leather for post-office employees. The idea was originated by the foreman of the check room in the Chicago postoffice. In the basement of the building is a clear space of over 300 feet of smooth concrete flooring, on either side of which are arranged a total of 1,400 carriers' lockers. The checking of uniforms during the rush hours taxed the force of men in charge of this work to the limit. Then the plan of providing the checkers with roller skates was hit upon, with the result that the time formerly required for carrying uniforms from one end of the locker room to the other was cut to one-fourth. Following this the scheme was applied to the moving of packages of mail from one part of the building to another, and finally as a means for the regular delivery of parcel post packages on the outside. The success of the experiment was such that Postmaster Campbell of Chicago predicts the plan will soon be generally adopted in all large cities in the country.

THE GERMAN OCARINO.

A handsome metal instrument, made in Germany, from which peculiar but sweet music can be produced. Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which anyone can in a short time play any tune and produce very good music on this odd-looking instrument. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE GREAT FIRE EATER.

A great Sensational Trick of the Day! With the Fire Eater in his possession any person can become a perfect salamander, apparently breathing fire and ejecting thousands of brilliant sparks from his mouth, to the horror and consternation of all beholders. Harmless fun for all times, seasons and places. If you wish to produce a decided sensation in your neighborhood don't fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. Price of all complete only 15c., or 4 boxes for 50c., mailed postpaid; one dozen by express \$1.20.

B.—Full printed instructions for performing the trick accompany each box, which contains sufficient material for giving exhibitions.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.

Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. He will rear, squirm and scratch, perfectly harmless, as wild roses. The itching continues, or can be rubbed the spot where it is working, you will see your suspender buttons fall all. Price 10 cents a box, mailed postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS

Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction and as the cone burns down it throws off and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake is himself from the burning cone and stretches out in the grass, which at first appears to be ashes but the snake remains as if unharmful. They are not at all poisonous and can be set off in the parlor or on some metal surface that will not be damaged. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in a strong wooden box, only 10c., boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.

The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black wood (nut), the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Exposed to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will expect to hear it ring. When you push it, you will see some of the most heavily charged and will when the button is pushed. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

FLOWER-POT TRICK

This trick you can make a plant grow up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary flower-pot is handed to the audience for examination. A leaf is then placed over it, and a few magic words, and a wand over it. When the leaf is removed there is a plant, apparently in full bloom. Full directions with price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LITTLE CLINCHERS



With a pair of these creepers clinched on your shoes you can defy the slipperiest ice or snow. No matter how slippery the road or how steep the hill, these claws of steel will carry you safely over them. A child can adjust them in 30 seconds. No nails, straps, screws or rivets are needed. They will not injure your shoes. No need to remove them indoors—simply fold the heel-plate forward, reversing the spikes under the instep. They are comfortable, durable and invisible. Just the thing for postmen, golfers, hunters, woodsmen, brakemen, miners and all who would insure life and limb in winter weather. 25 cents a pair, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

MARBLE VASE.



A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase. Price, 20c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.



A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

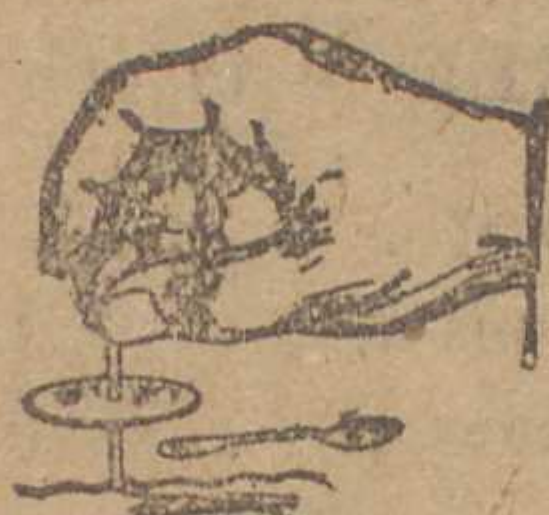
WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane or glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE MAGNETIC TOP.



A handsome metal, highly magnetized toy. A horseshoe and a spiral wire furnished with each top. When spun next to the wires, they make the most surprising movements. You can make wires of different shapes and get the most peculiar effects. Price, 5c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SPRINGER.



Don't miss this brand new novelty. It is a little figure made in various shapes, perched on a spring and pedestal. You push down the spring, set it where you please, and in a few moments it leaps up into the air, scaring the cat, and sending every one in the room into convulsions of laughter.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

MANY TOOL KEY RING.



The wonder of the age. The greatest small tool in the world. In this little instrument you have in combination seven useful tools embracing Key Ring, Pencil Sharpener, Nail Cutter and Cleaner, Watch Opener, Cigar Clipper, Letter Opener and Screw Driver. It is not a toy, but a useful article, made of cutlery steel, tempered and highly nicked. Therefore will carry an edge the same as any piece of cutlery. As a useful tool, nothing has ever been offered to the public to equal it. Price, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

VENTRILOQUISM

Almost anyone can learn it at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room D110—328 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.

OLD COINS WANTED. \$1 to \$600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1834. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. ROCKWELL & CO. 526 1/2 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

VOICE THROWER 10c

Wonderful instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. MCKINLEY CO., DEPT. WINONA, MINN.

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Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dept. K Frenchtown, N.J.

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You Can Make \$8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. WATSON & CO., MCKINLEY BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.



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Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 35c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted. BARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE JUMPING FROG.



This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

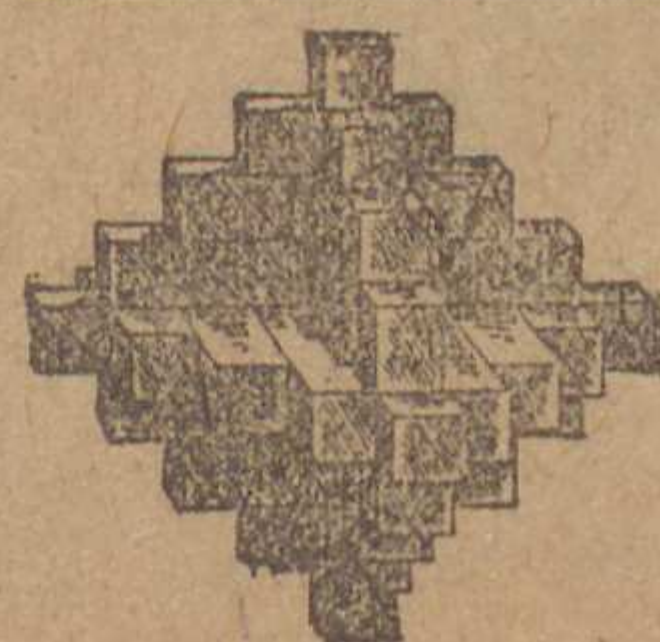
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JUMPING CARD.—A



pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to the deck jumps high into the air at the performer's command. Pack is held in one hand. Price of apparatus, with enough cards to perform the trick, 10c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



GIANT SAW PUZZLE.

This puzzle contains twenty-one pieces of wood nicely finished; take them apart and put them together same as illustrated. Everybody would like to try it, as it is very fascinating. Price, by mail, postpaid, 25c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



**HAPPY HOOLIGAN
JOKER.**

With this joker in the lapel of your coat, you can make a dead shot every time. Complete with rubber ball and tubing. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



SLICK TRICK PENCIL.

This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE JOKER'S CIGAR.



The biggest sell of the season. A real cigar made of tobacco, but secreted in the center of cigar about one-half inch from end is a fountain of sparklets. The moment the fire reaches this fountain hundreds of sparks of fire burst forth in every direction, to the astonishment of the smoker. The fire is stage fire, and will not burn the skin or clothing. After the fireworks the victim can continue smoking the cigar to the end. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; 1 dozen, 90c., mailed, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



SURPRISE LETTER DRUM.

Stung! That was one on you! The joke? You send a friend a letter. He opens it, and that releases the drum. Instantly the sheet of note paper begins to bang and thump furiously, with a ripping, tearing sound. Guaranteed to make a man with iron nerves almost jump out of his skin. You can catch the sharpest wisenheimer with this one. Don't miss getting a few. Price, 6c. each by mail.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.

The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it. Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

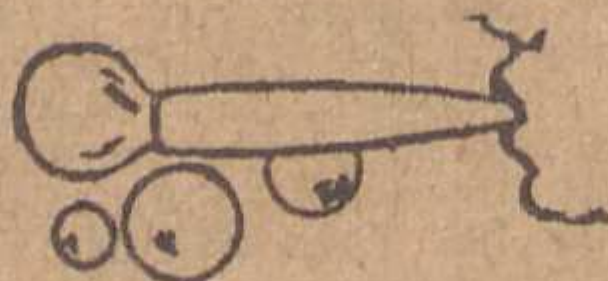


POCKET WHISK-BROOM

This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6 1/2 inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

BUBBLE BLOWER.



With this device, a continuous series of bubbles can be blown. It is a wooden, cigar-shaped blower, enclosing a small vial, in which there is a piece of soap. The vial is filled with water, and a peculiarly perforated cork is inserted. When you blow in to the mouthpiece, it sets up a hydraulic pressure through the cork perforations and causes bubble after bubble to come out. No need of dipping into water once the little bottle is filled. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.



Nickel plate polished; it duces a near- ing sound; seller; illust- actual size. 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St.,

THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.



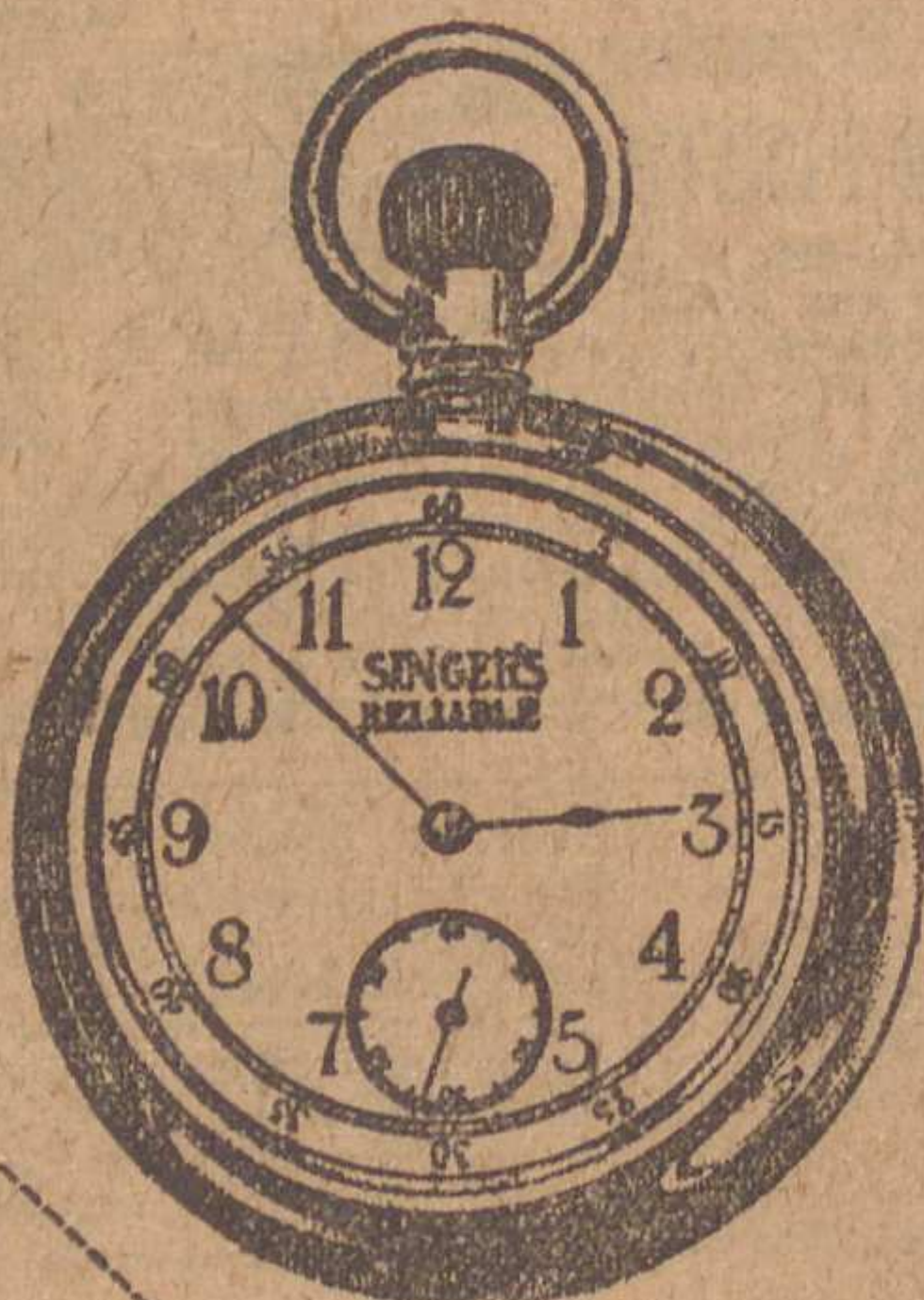
Just out, and one of most fascinating puzzle the market. The stunt separate the antlers and join them. It looks easy try it and you will admit it is without exception the puzzle you have ever seen. You can't it alone. Made of silvered metal. Price, 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces sweet musical notes placing it between the tongue and the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument, notes pronounced, unlike and

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